INTERNATIONAL

club

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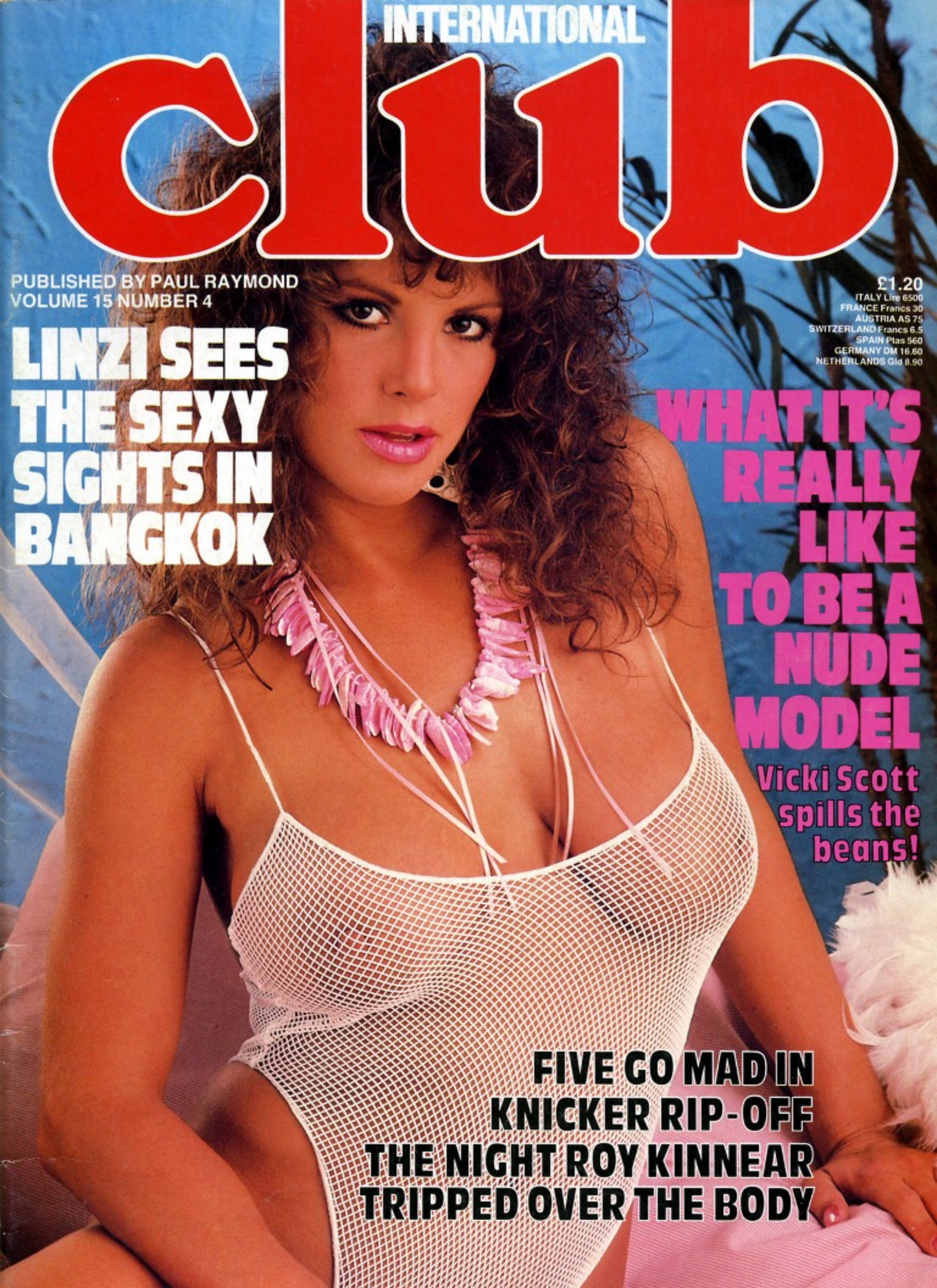


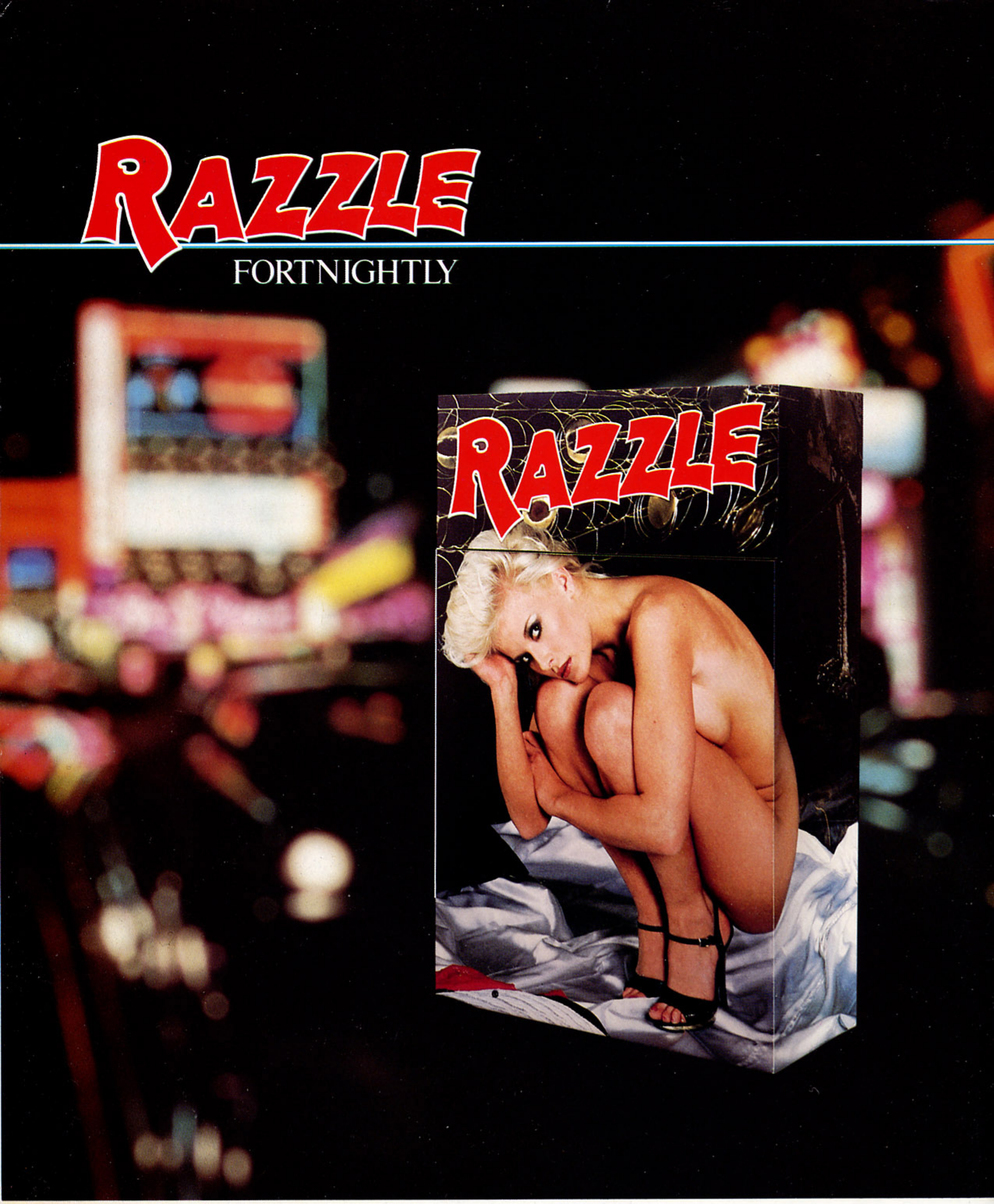
LINZI SEES THE SEXY SIGHTS IN BANGKOK

WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE TO BE A NUDE MODEL

Vicki Scott spills the beans!

FIVE GO MAD IN KNICKER RIP-OFF

THE NIGHT ROY KINNEAR TRIPPED OVER THE BODY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READERS WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers' Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Choice Chance

Many congratulations are due to you for the introduction of the *Club Chance* feature in Vol 14 No 12. It's real fantasy material.

What I found to be the biggest turn-on was seeing an otherwise normal, everyday girl – at least, that's what Jane looks like in the black-and-white pictures – being transformed into a wonderful Club International beauty. And showing us everything she's got into the bargain!

After seeing *Club Chance*, I now like to go through my own fantasies. What I do is pick a particular girl on the bus, in the pub, or wherever I can study her for more than just a few minutes. Of course, some girls look like models *all* the time, so I don't pick them: they leave little or nothing to the imagination.

Then, in my mind, I put the chosen girl through a *Club Chance*-type routine. I transform her hair and make-up, then imagine what she looks like naked. Finally, dressed in only stockings, suspenders and high heels, she lies on a large bed and plays provocatively with herself. If I like what I see in my mind, she then plays provocatively with *me*. It's quite a turn-on: you should try it.

Thinking further on the subject, it's perhaps not too far-fetched to suppose that 'normal' girls *are* like the *Club Chance* models when they're within the confines of their own, or their boyfriend's, bedroom.

I'm in between girlfriends at the moment, so I'll hopefully be able to test my theory out before too long . . .

Mick, Bradford

Jane takes a Club Chance *and becomes real fantasy material*

Rubber Write-off

I enjoy a fuck as much as the next man, and I like to think I usually give a girl a good time. But that's only if I get the opportunity to stuff my big, naked cock right in there; when I have to wear a condom, I get into a proper fucking state and can hardly raise a limp, never mind a hard-on.

Because of that, I really fucked up (or rather I *didn't*) when I finally got my chance with Angie two nights ago. I still get angry thinking about it now.

I think it all stems from when I first had the opportunity to dip my wick about three years ago. I met this girl at a party, and it was obvious from the start that I was on to a winner. I got the keys to my mate's flat, and off we went.

Although it was my first time, I wasn't really all that nervous, and I felt so horny, I didn't have any doubts that I would be able to perform okay. But then the bombshell dropped – she wasn't on the Pill. This entailed undertaking a mad dash to the pub (ten minutes before closing time), a 50p piece in my sweaty palm.

When I got back to the flat, I did it all wrong. We got undressed, lay on top of the bed and started the foreplay bit. She was playing with my cock and balls, and I got a right steamer on. 'Right – go for it,' I told myself. But by the time I'd opened the packet, taken the johnnie out of its sealed cover and lined it up into position, I'd gone hopelessly limp.

Top Ten Corner

1 Janet Ellis (*Blue Peter* presenter)
2 Lysette Anthony (actress)
3 Debbie Thrower (*South Today* presenter)
4 Jan Francis (actress)
5 Tracey Neve (Page 3 girl)
6 Pamela Armstrong (newsreader)
7 Sigrid Thornton (actress)
8 Cherie Lunghi (actress)
9 Shelagh O'Hara (*Brookside's* Karen)
10 Isla Blair (actress)

Tom, Portsmouth

To make it worse, Diana was lying there playing with herself to try to keep on the boil. When she saw me doing the same thing, but with more than a hint of desperation, she burst out laughing. I did the same, even though laughing was really the last thing I felt like doing.

Anyway, we went back to the canoodling, this time with the johnnie on the bed beside us, ready to grab at short notice. It wasn't long before my stiff had returned, but I couldn't enjoy it to the full because I was worrying about whether I would be able to get the stupid fucking rubber on this time. I disengaged myself from Diana's clutches and rolled on to my back. This time, I asked her to put it on for me.

She fumbled for it in the dark, found it, and rolled it on to my cock – which was still stiff, but not as hard as it had been. Anyway, the thing got on okay this time, and Diana started to caress my enclosed willie. Although the sensation probably beats being slashed behind the ears and hung up to bleed to death, it wasn't enough to stop my cock from slowly but surely shrivelling into nothingness.

So there it was – laid on a plate for me, and I finished up still being a virgin after it. I remember blurting out some excuse about 'too much beer' or something, but there wasn't any truth in that whatsoever. In fact, I wanked myself half to death after she had gone.

To make matters worse, it was fully five months after that before my cock saw the inside of a warm, wet and willing cunt. But that's a different story. And in the following two-and-a-half years I did the business on quite a few occasions.

Anyway, back to Angie. She's an ad rep from our London office, and she always calls in when she's out and about up this way. I've always fancied her – not because she's particularly beautiful, but because she is just plain fucking filthy. She's got sex written all over her, and big tits, too.

She arrived at our office two days ago about six o'clock. We were all about to go home, so I asked her if she wanted to go for a quick drink. I hadn't really expected a positive response to that question, so I was really surprised when she agreed. She stayed all night, and then even agreed to come back to my place for 'coffee'.

Back at my place, I never even went near the kettle. Straight into the bedroom we went, and we tore off each other's clothes. Then came the magic whispered words: 'I'm not on the Pill.' The old heart sank, but at least I had some of the fucking things in the building this time (once bitten, etc).

I got one at the ready, then we started on the foreplay. I kneeled down in front of her, stuck my nose into her smelly minge and inhaled hard. Talking of hard, I was pleased to note that my cock was alive and kicking, so I thought I would strike while the iron was hot. I made a grab for the johnnie, pushed it into Angie's hand, and lay back on the bed.

You won't believe what happened next – you really won't. It burst. Don't get me wrong; I'm not laying claim to a three-foot willie or anything like that, but the stupid contraption just split in two as she was easing it over my member. And it hadn't passed the 'Eat By' date, either.

That well and truly did me. All my old hang-ups about condoms came flooding back, just as all the blood pumping through my cock went flooding out. I really was too frightened to attempt that manoeuvre again, but at least I had the (ample) compensation of a blow job.

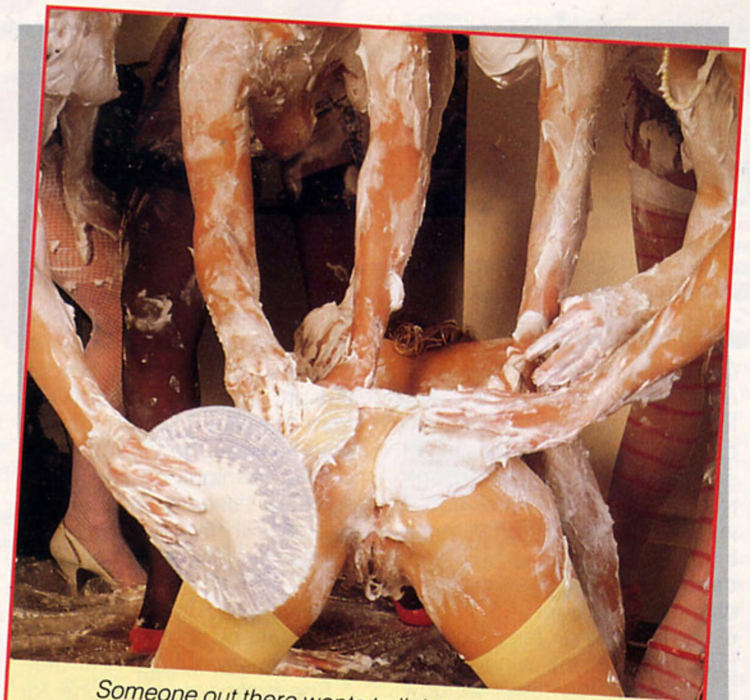
Couldn't Club International launch a national campaign to make the Pill compulsory? Otherwise, I think the only alternative is to take a razor blade to the backs of my ears.

Roger, Nottingham

Club Fantastic

I am just writing to tell you that Vol 14 No 11 was fantastic, and must rate as the best-ever edition of Club.

All the models were superb – especially the centrefold, April: what a body that woman has! Dawn, the *Club Biker* was looking as fuckable as ever and *Club Event* was as brilliant as ever (six girls covered in custard – wow! I would willingly volunteer to lick it all off for them, and it would be extra special with some jam . . .).



Someone out there wants to lick this lot clean . . .

But the one part of this issue of Club which made it better than any other was the *Life With Linzi* section. The striptease she did with Marie Harper was just fantastic. Please let's see some more of this greatest double act ever.

PG, West Yorkshire

Glad you liked it, PG. You might like to know (just in case you don't already) that the gorgeous Marie Harper – herself a Yorkshire lass, tha knows – has a regular column in our sister mag, Razzle, *every fortnight – Ed.*

Classy Cassie

I have just spent the last two evenings wanking myself silly over the pictures of Cassie in Vol 14 No 12. She just has to be the most incredibly sexy girl you've shown for a very long time; every single photograph was a prick-raising delight. As soon as I turned to page 8 and saw Cassie's delightful rear, raised so enticingly, I knew she was going to get all my attention . . . and all my spunk! Jane and Evette, in the same issue, were also lovely, but even Chantale's fleshy, hairless cunt could not compete with the delights of Cassie's beautiful body.

I was so turned on by her body after a single night's wanking, I went out yesterday and bought a second copy so I could see all her pictures at once without having to keep turning the pages over.

I don't know what other people do with their magazines each month, but what I do is go through each one, cutting out the best pictures and all the sexiest bits of print – anything from a detailed column-length description of some sex act, down to a short sentence said by somebody. I stick the small pictures into a scrapbook and add one of these bits of print which seems to fit the picture.

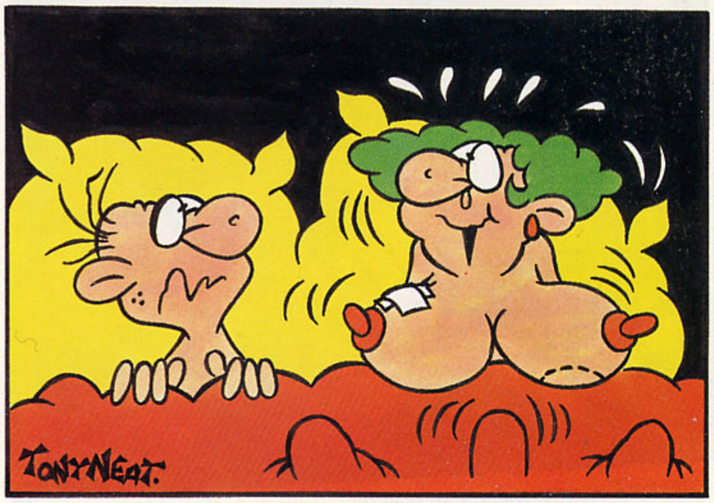
I stick the larger pictures on to sheets of A4 file paper and then type comments, captions or little stories underneath. These are usually as crude as I can make them. They tell what I'd like to do to the girl, or I imagine what might have been done to her, or I imagine what she might be saying. I get some superb wanks while I'm doing this, and I have now built up a 'library' which I can use whenever I get the urge to lose some spunk. I now have six scrapbooks, and five thick loose-leaf folders of pictures.

But getting back to Cassie – she really is gorgeous! That long, blonde hair, cascading down over her perfect breasts; those smooth, firm thighs stretching apart; that soft, round bottom thrusting up . . . What I would give to spend a night in bed with her!

Every view of her body, every picture, is superb. The first one on page 8 with her kneeling against the settee – doesn't she just look as if she wants someone to slide a length up her? Aren't her thighs and buttocks just absolute *perfection*? And then there's the bottom picture on page 12, where she's lying spread out on the table. Wouldn't you just love to lower yourself on to that fine, young body and thrash out your sperm between her thighs? What about the exquisite detail of her cunt hair shown in the picture on page 13 – wouldn't you like to put your head between those thighs and spread those hairs apart with your tongue?

And then, finally, the picture on page 11 – showing her cunt in all its glory. With each of my wanks over the last two nights (that's two on Saturday, four last night!), I have finally shot my load with my eyes glued to those firm, fleshy lips bulging out between the tops of her thighs. How I wish my spunk could have shot out all over them – or up between them. I could spend hours kissing and licking and sucking her breasts, getting those little nipples nice and hard. I would

VIBES by Tony Neat



Don't worry about foreplay, Sammy; my vibrator's taking care of it

READERS WRITES

stroke her cunt hair and play with her clit for as long as she wanted. I could spend forever with my head buried between those beautiful thighs.

So, thank you for publishing such a great set of pictures. As you can probably tell, Cassie has been a great success with me. Please, please, *please* persuade her to pose again; I must see more of her. If you are in touch with her, please let her know at least one of your readers had been made very happy.

I'll have to close now. I've got all Cassie's pictures laid out in front of me, and I'm writing this letter in the nude. As you can probably tell from the writing (*very shaky indeed – Ed.*), I've been wanking off, and I've got to the stage where I'm going to unload at any minute. So if you'll excuse me, I've got to see to Cassie again.

Barry, Hornchurch

Well, Barry, you can see to Cassie (and she is an absolute cracker, isn't she?) every fortnight in Razzle. That's two plugs that lot owe me – Ed.

Good Neighbour

On the subject of next-door neighbours, James from Carnforth (Vol 14 No 11) brought back delightful memories of an experience I was lucky enough to have about ten years ago. I was living temporarily in a friend's flat while my house contracts were being exchanged. The evenings I spent either watching television or gazing out of the window that looked out on this window across the way, occupied by the most stunning creature I've ever clapped eyes on.

I never did find out her name, but as she was not in the habit of drawing her curtains except maybe last thing at night, I can describe her to perfection. She had short raven-coloured hair, a very large pair of tits (I'd say, from a distance of 10-15 yards, about 40 inches), and a shapely body without an ounce of extra fat on it anywhere. As it was a hot summer that year, she spent a good few evenings walking around her apartment in bra and panties or, on the few occasions when I was in luck, with nothing on at all.

I used to stand well back from my window, since I was terrified of being seen watching – not so much because of embarrassment but due to the fact I was certain she'd buy net curtains and hang them up straight away. You can see from this why I wasn't exactly mad keen on the idea of going out for a night on the town! Anyhow, usually she would walk about, doing all the little things people do when they don't realize they're being observed. Mostly, she kept herself in trim by doing exercises – you know, aerobics and all that.

She wasn't a great one for touching herself all the time, and in the first three months of watching her avidly, she only fingered herself to a climax six or seven times. That made me randy enough, but it was when she invited a bloke round that I really blew my top.

She'd got him round for a meal initially, and I can tell you to the last detail what they had – onion soup, followed by cheese soufflé, followed by cherry-topped cheesecake. I couldn't read the wine label, but it was white, anyway. From my vantage point, I could see that she was making all the moves. Like I said, she was pretty nimble and athletic, so you can imagine this bloke's surprise (and mine, for that matter) when she managed to unzip his trousers with her toes, and scooping up a little cheesecake to boot! My prick started to harden at this, and even more so when I saw her stroke him to full cockstand with her foot.

I didn't want to start wanking just yet, in case I spunked too early and was too exhausted to enjoy what promised to be a real prime-time fuck. I'm afraid I'm not one of your readers who seem to have unlimited supplies of the stuff. One good wank a day is quite enough for me! However, I was teasing myself just a bit, now and then, particularly when I saw her (still at the table) remove her T-shirt to reveal the fact that, for once, she wasn't wearing a bra.

This guy had obviously had quite enough of the foreplay, because he got up from the table with this massive hard-on

continued on page 73

Cassie – the subject of dozens of letters to Club

Gi

LUCY

If ever a girl was worthy of centrespread status, it's Lucy. I mean, just look at them – sorry, her! She's only 22, this former London College of Fashion student, but with the looks and (heaven knows) stature of a 30-year-old screen idol. Pretty, well-proportioned young ladies possessed of 38-inch boobs are in great demand nowadays, what with the Page Three phenomenon still gaining momentum, but precious few, even of that small elite, can lay claim to match – yet alone surpass – Lucy's definitive glamour-girl looks. The drooling dispensed with, I should also mention that Lucy is herself a shrewd judge of, er . . . horseflesh, her services being retained by London's leading model agency to talent-scout the Northern beauty contest circuit for futur centrefold prospects. Her track record is pretty impressive, too – n fewer than five of her recruits hav made Page Three. 'Nowadays topless model has to have a person ality, too,' says this lovely lady fro Lincoln. 'Potential models are f more likely to reveal their abiliti to me than some old lech from W touting for a commission and leg-over into the bargain.' Huh always said the excitement's go out of the game! **Fellow lechers a leg-over merchants turn to page 4**

l Talk

MIRANDA

She's got those exotic, Roger Vadim protégé-type looks you'd expect to see on the silver screen or maybe in Italian Vogue, showing off two grand's worth of Valentino evening wear. A very striking lady, this; so much so that, no matter how lucky you might be feeling, you wouldn't *seriously* rate your chances (or seriously expect to see her fluttering her eyelids at you over a lager 'n' lime). All of which just goes to show how wrong you'd be! Not, of course, that she's 'easy' – or anything like. Miranda, let me tell you, hails from Bermondsey (albeit the trendier bit), not Juan Les Pins; drives a P-reg Mini, not a 280SL; and works in the City as a systems analyst. Miranda also claims that when she's not made-up, nobody gives her a second look – which isn't to say she doesn't get a bundle of thirds and fourths! Given a guess, I'd say this stunning 23-year-old head-turner's looks are destined to clash with her 9-to-5 some day very soon. **City gents – turn to page 78 and see who you're rubbing shoulders with!**

DALLAS

'Yes, Dallas is a singer (and a very accomplished one, too) who also happens to be very gifted in the looks department.' So we said of her first appearance in Club in Vol 13 No 12. We also talked – more by way of mouthing-off – of this lovely, lively ash blonde's love affairs, conducted in tandem: Dallas's 'day-to-day sex machine' and her Corfu-based sugar daddy. Well, the day-to-day sex machine was tickled pink to be described thus, but the 'sugar daddy', by all accounts, was *extremely* pissed off! 'You see,' says Dallas, peeling the oil-impregnated chamois hide from her shapely hips and sprawling, with calculated rudeness, before the camera, 'he's only 28 years old . . .' However, the way things are shaping up for this multi-talented model, she'll soon be more than capable of standing on her own two feet. Sure, the rewards of posing nude are not to be sneezed at, but the fee Dallas now commands as a recording sessions backing vocalist far exceed her occasional income from her modelling work. All things considered, maybe she should take to singing in the altogether and get the best of both worlds! **Turn to page 26 and you'll see Dallas is bang on song.**

JO

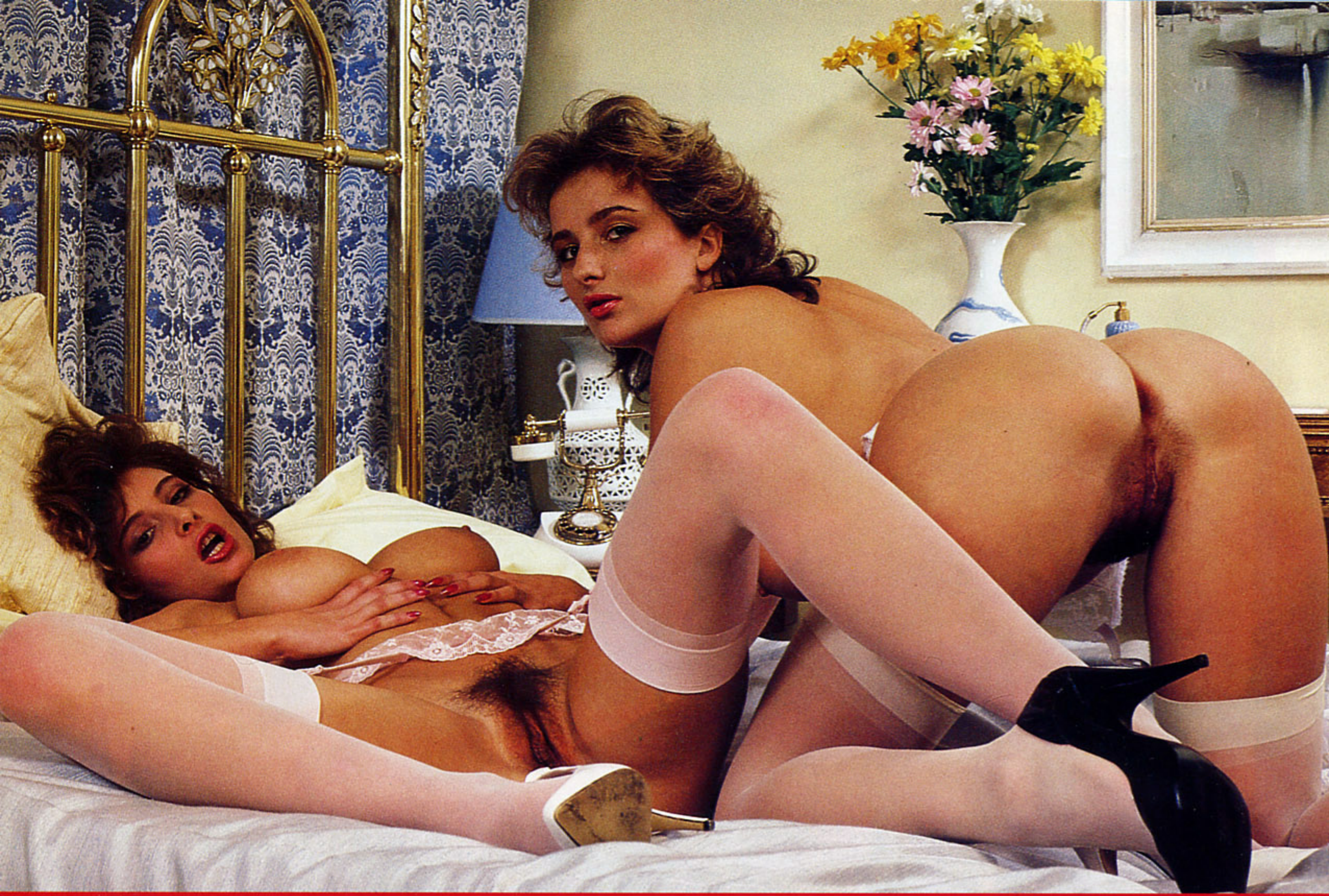
Looking very alluring indeed in red, in her set commencing on page 58 – a set which leaves you longing for, well, *more*. Because, truthfully, you don't give a hang for background bio or vital statistics. Facially, she may be no Glynis Barber, but Jo nevertheless oozes sex appeal and, quite unlike Miranda on page 78, you secretly fancy she's the type of girl you might *well* score with. How refreshing, therefore, to hear this smashing blonde confess to being 'a bit of a punter when it comes to the fellas' and that she is indeed not simply 'into sex' – but with some considerable enthusiasm! 'I can't help it – I get very turned-on in male company. Doing this shoot, for example, dressed like this in front of three young guys . . . makes me feel really naughty. It's just as bad at home right now, too. My new boyfriend won't leave me alone for more than five minutes. I arrive late for work each day with bags under my eyes and my hair a mess – I think they think I'm on drugs!' 'Love is the drug' indeed, to quote the old Roxy Music number. **Now turn to page 58 for your daily fix!**

DOMINIQUE & DENISE

Dominique's the blonde, a former top-ranking European beauty queen. Denise, meanwhile, compensates her lack of exhibitionistic experience with a remarkable enthusiasm (heightened, no doubt, by her *Club Chance* appearance in Vol 15 No 2). Which Dominique notices (if not actually warms to!) straight away: 'Oh! So friendly! But your hands – so cold!' It's nice to see/watch/gloat over girls getting on so well, don't you think? Especially considering they hardly know each other. Excuse me one second: 'Er, Ladies, we're not allowed to show models doing that to one another in Club International. The law – you know how it is . . .' Surprisingly, Denise and Dominique have more in common than their (very) similar physiques. They're both 24 years of age, both very well educated (Dominique at the Sorbonne, Denise at Oxford) and they're both unmarried. On this last, delicate (considering the nature of the photo-set) issue, Denise inadvertently drops a little hint when voicing her 'preference' for men. Dominique, trying not to fall into the same trap, nevertheless gets her answer every bit as wrong: 'I don't have much time for boys. Too busy with work!' No matter their sexual proclivities. Our super-sexy two-girl shoot is all in a day's work for these two ladies-in-their-prime, and we commend them both for a most workmanlike effort! **Now work your way to page 8 for a right old eyeful.**

Photographs by Dave Antony

DENISE AND Dominique



5 MIN COLOR PROCESSING
Kodak
TAKARA
BARBER

I hope these pictures prove I didn't dream up this article in a hamburger bar in Lewisham High Street!

ing stint, they try to get the attention of a possible client. It's very simple for the 'punter'; you just tell the waiter the number of the lady or ladies you require and she (or they) joins you at the bar. For very little money your wish is her command – either in a special boudoir adjoining the bar, or back at your hotel.

Another highlight of the Pattpong is the go-go bars that go-go a little farther – like all the way! Live sex shows are very big business there, and – strangely enough – there's no admission charge, although the drinks are rather on the expensive side.

Every hour or so, they start the show. It has a wide variety of attractions, most of them very amusing. The girls of Thailand seem to use their pussies for a host of things I've never even dreamt of: cracking eggs, playing ping-pong, smoking cigarettes and taking off bottle tops, to mention just a few. They put the eggs up inside them and use their pussy muscles to crack them into a pint pot! They follow that up by aiming ping-pong balls at the audience . . . fired off by their fannies, of course.

Another of the favourites is lying back, legs akimbo, smoking an entire cigarette in their neat little pussies. That one made me cringe just a little, as I thought they were going to do themselves a mischief with all that fag ash everywhere! Yet another little trick they seem to go for is firing off pins from a pea-shooter which is inserted into (yes, you've guessed it) their pussies, which enables them to fire off the pin and pop balloons at a great distance! The one trick I found the most amusing was when they started shooting off bananas, which oozed out in pieces from their finger-spread fannies. I don't suppose I would have found it quite so funny if it had landed in my Martini!

Grand Finale

The grand finale, of course, was the fucking. On this particular occasion, the girl was gorgeous, with a lovely, firm, dark-skinned body, but the guy – who looked English, but could well have been an Aussie or a Yank – was not all that attractive. He was a little bit fat. I must admit, though, he was a very good performer, getting into all the best positions to give the audience the best-possible views of penetration. None of the guys I watched in any of the shows ever came. I suppose it must be an occupational hazard, ie they fuck so much, they can't manage it. Either that, or they've got enough mess on the stage already, what with broken eggs, fag ends and slippery ping-pong balls without adding vast amounts of spunk on top!

The other big sexual attraction in Bangkok is the massage parlours. We visited one which specialized in body massage. That means the girls massage

LIFE WITH Linzi

How d'you fancy this, then, lads? Su Lee gets ready to massage me – with her gorgeous body

you with their bodies as well as their hands! Let me explain:

These places are really big business, and, as far as I could gather, are all set in luxurious surroundings with about 100 or so girls to choose from. All the girls, wearing evening dress, sit behind a glass partition which enables the client to view the girls, although the girls can't actually see through their side of it. This makes it much less embarrassing as you sit there gaping, trying to decide which girl to pick.

Billy and I chose a pretty little girl with traditional thick black hair down to her shoulders, big eyes and what looked to be a sensational figure. The boss guy called out her number, and she took us off to a white-tiled room complete with bath, a bed and a lilo.

I felt a little nervous for some reason, but I thought 'what the hell' and stripped off along with Billy, who was grinning from ear to ear. Su Lee, our massage girl, slipped out of her dress to reveal a great figure with small, firm tits like most of the Thai girls have. She seemed knocked out by my big ones!

I felt a bit more relaxed when a waiter brought us some drinks. Su Lee told us to both lie down on our tummies on the lilo. Both starkers, we did as she asked. She took a big bowl of warm, soapy water and started to splash it all over our backs and on her tits and thighs. Then she straddled us both and slithered up and down on top of us, rubbing her warm, slippery body on to ours.

Well, as you can imagine, it didn't take more than a minute or so before we were all very horny, especially when she turned us both over on our backs and revealed Billy's willy sticking out like a flagpole. She carried on writhing up and down on top of me while he looked on excitedly, his stiff cock twitching in anticipation. Next it was his turn to have his body massaged, and soon his slippery cock was slipping into her hot pussy as she rubbed up and down on top of him.

Randy Pair

I lay there watching, finger-fucking my wet pussy while the randy pair were screwing away on the lilo beside me.

After a delicious little wank, I climbed into the bath to be gently washed down by Su Lee, then I lay down on the bed, watching her wash the soap from Billy's body. His cock was still as erect as ever. I was very horny, so when Billy joined me on the bed, I started sucking his cock. And all the while I was gobbling him, I was getting a wonderful hand massage all up the inside of my legs, courtesy of Su Lee!

It was quite a strange experience, being in this clinical white room with a boyfriend of mine and a sexy hooker ready to please, but the unusual aspect of it really turned me on. After a rub-down with smooth baby powder, we were both given a full body massage by hand, by which time I was desperately wanting to get laid. So our hour-long session ended with Billy giving me a good fucking while Su Lee helpfully planted her lovely titties in Billy's face for him to have a good old suck on!

We had such fun there, we decided to visit another such establishment when we moved on to Pattaya Beach, which is on the coast about 60 miles south of Bangkok and every bit as exciting. Apart from the go-go bars and massage parlours, Pattaya is also famous for its host of beautiful transvestites, whom I found quite difficult to distinguish from Pattaya's beautiful ladies!

Cabaret

One evening we went to a big cabaret show at Tiffany's, which featured an all-transvestite cast. It was moderately interesting, but as I'm not mad-keen on musicals, and I tended to forget all the beautiful artistes with their silicon tits and make-up were actually guys, it became just another show!

The TVs that I found *much* more interesting were the ones hanging around the bars picking up the guys, who I suppose were under the impression they'd picked up a nice 'bird'. Bet they had a shock when they got them back to their hotels . . .

Apart from the hectic nightlife, we did manage to have a good time lazing around on the beach, taking in the sun. Although the weather was extremely hot, there were a few rainstorms about – like the time we got shipwrecked!

Billy and I had hired a jetski, which is like a tiny motor bike with an outboard motor that zooms along the sea. We set off to one of the nearby islands for a quiet screw on a deserted beach, armed with my auto-focus camera to take a few snapshots. The island we

Just one of the many 'high' spots from my holiday in Thailand

headed for was about three or four miles from Pattaya. We set off in glorious sunshine, with me (stark naked) riding on the back and clinging on to Billy for dear life – those things really move.

By the time we reached the island about 20 minutes later, the sky had turned really black, so, after taking just a few photographs, we decided to head back. That's when the rain started. It came down in torrents just as we were midway between the island and Pattaya. Suddenly, the sea was coming at us in huge waves and the sky turned so misty, we couldn't see further than a few feet in front of or behind us. I was just about to panic when a boat came into view and we waved at it to rescue us.

Of course, it did – or I might not be here to tell the tale – but it was some fucking effort, what with the boat going up and down with the waves and the little jetski almost disappearing underneath it! Our rescuers were a bunch of Thai fishermen who spoke no English (although I could hazard a guess at what they were saying when they saw my naked body) and were pissed out of their heads, but at least it was somewhere safe to shelter until the storm blew over. After plying us with whisky, they asked us to give them 200 Baht for saving us. As that's less than £6, I thought that was very reasonable.

After my sporting adventures on the High Seas, I was going to take it much easier, but I couldn't resist having a go at parascending. The friendly Thai beach bums strapped me into my colourful parachute and off I whizzed, pulled by a speedboat which does a round trip of the bay. It was great, and so exhilarating, but the best bit is when you are coming into land and all the guys are racing to catch you. Thankfully, they did!

Of course, if you *do* visit Thailand, there are lots of beautiful sights to see apart from the obvious: like the solid gold temples, the floating markets and the luxurious hotels packed with the friendliest staff in the world. I would highly recommend a visit to anyone.

If there is any guy out there who says he can't pull a bird, just jump on a plane to Thailand and, I promise you, you'll be pounced upon within seconds! I don't think you can beat it. Mind you, you'll probably need a holiday to get over the holiday, just like I do. By the way, there are plenty of all-night clap clinics, just in case . . . !

Anyway, chaps, I'd better say ta-ta now, and zoom off back to London. I'll have recovered from my jet lag in good time to regale you with more lewd tales next month. See you then!

Linzi

YAMAHA
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NOG KAEW WATER SPORT

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I was very young when I started masturbating. I must have been about 19 before I had it in, though. I had tried to have it off before then, but most of the girls wouldn't let me fuck them in case their mums found out.

Even in those days, I could not stand droopy tits. I hoped that the more I wanked, the bigger and bigger my cock would get – after all, it happens to a girl's tits, so why not a penis? Sadly, the girls never called me 'Big Dick'. It's one of life's mysteries.

Now I have a lot more experience, but have to be content with much older women and widows. To think I spent most of my youth chasing *bad* girls, with the prospect of getting a *real* fuck. I have pulled many a pair of knickers down and got a big horn on . . . and then the girl has crossed her legs, afraid she might have a baby. Years ago, there was no such thing as the Pill.

I remember I put one girl down on the front room floor and whipped my prick out ready to service her, when her mother walked in. For the following few days I could hardly sit down – her father gave me a right beating.

She is now 56 and still boasts about it. I got my own back after the beating: I shaved her fanny and used to masturbate her several times a week until she went off with someone else. I could have peed all over her mother when she reported me to her husband. Yes, you only win a very few.

Putting variety in one's sex life is important. Take a tip: enjoy it while you can. When you get married, it can become routine – especially at my age. It is ages since I had a real good fuck, but I gain solace in pulling my pudding over sexy girls in magazines.

I consider myself, as you know, a great admirer of your sexy body, and I hope you like reading my letters about my sexy behaviour. I am most careful that my missus does not see me writing to you. My goodness – just looking at your black-stockinged legs makes my prick jump with joy. One night a week, I go to bed early, lie on my back and just think of you: my mind revolves around your photos.

So while you are night-clubbing, I am having a great wanking stint, which I hope will not disgust you. Just think of me having an enjoyable, but tiring, night. I consider it energy well spent. I agree I'm a very naughty John who should know better, but to be truthful, I love every moment of it. You are a real cockbuster, and I'm a master toolpuller.
John, Walsall

In that case, keep on pulling your pudding and I'll keep you 'hard' at it with my naughty antics. I'll give you a good few more tiring nights . . .

Dear Linzi,
Being a Welshman, I am an avid rugby follower, and there's only one place a Welsh rugby supporter would rather be besides between your legs, and that is at the home of rugby – Cardiff Arms Park.

In my favourite fantasy, I don't want to screw in any unusual positions or wear any kinky underwear. No, in my fantasy you are standing right in the middle of the halfway line of Cardiff Arms Park, dressed in nothing but the famous Welsh colours.

As you stand there, I slowly undress you. The jersey comes off first so I can see those lovely tits of yours. I take one of your nipples between my teeth, and nibble gently while I massage the other one.

By this time your cunt should be hot, wet, and bubbling with anticipation. I lower myself down on to my knees, gradually pulling the shorts down until they fall to your ankles. As they do so, the smell of a woman at full arousal wafts up my nostrils, filling my lungs with the sweet-smelling aroma. Your cunt is running with juices, and longing to be screwed.

But before I screw you, I must savour the delights of your cunt on my taste buds.

As you part your legs, the pouting lips of your cunt come into view. I move forward and run the tip of my tongue lightly over your protruding lips. As I do this, your body shudders with excitement. By now, I can feel my prick throbbing and asking to be plunged into the hot depths of your body.

Now we are both at the point of orgasm, so I gently lower you down on to the lush, green grass and mount you. As I guide my prick home between your thighs, you sigh with pleasure, and then you start to gasp as I screw you, slowly but rhythmically.

As I start to screw faster and harder, your body starts to move about in spasms of ecstasy until I finally discharge my full load. You make one final bucking movement, while, at the same time, your nails give me a sharp dig in the back.
Taff, Cardiff

A screw on a rugby pitch? I'm willing to 'try' anything once, Taff!

Dear Linzi,
I am a bachelor who has never fucked a British female. I consider them to be the most stuck-up cows I have ever seen. All you women like are married men, and the usual freaks.

I've never crawled enough in the last 20 years to get any sex, so you – and all the rest of the bastards – can drop dead.
JR, London NW7

Charmed, I'm sure. It's always nice to hear from another satisfied reader.

Dear Linzi,
I would like to thank you for some of the great wanks I have had over your pictures, and I would also like to thank you for not listening to those pricks who ask you to shave your cunt. I think you are perfect as you are, and I think you look absolutely fucking gorgeous when you're wearing high heels, stockings and suspenders.

By the way, my favourite sexual act is licking out a girl's pussy (but definitely not a hairless one!). Do you like being licked out?
Paul, Newcastle

It's very nice of you to say I'm perfect as I am, Paul, but I have actually been contemplating shaving my pussy to let Club readers see what they think. And as I do so love having my pussy licked, I'm wondering if it might make it an even more delicious experience?

Dear Linzi,
Yesterday my mates and I were reading some old issues of Club when one of them asked: 'I wonder how many men Linzi has screwed in her life?'

We all put our money on the table and made a bet, but the only way our bet can be settled is if you can answer our very personal question: how many men *have* you screwed in your life?

Please answer this question so I can collect my money . . . or lose it.
Gary, Orpington

Well, a girlfriend and I had a talk about this, Gary, and we reckoned we'd both been naughty with different fellas around 500 times. And I was shocked to discover I could only remember the names of about half of them! I hope you win your bet, anyway.

Listen, lads; I love sending you signed piccies of Yours Truly, but demand, as they say, is proving to be overwhelming. So, from now on, any requests for pictures *must* be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (at least 10"×8"). This means I'll be able to send them off much quicker, so it's good news for everybody!

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF... *Emmanuelle*

This month our profile feature spotlights one of France's most popular exports – Mademoiselle Emmanuelle Arsan, model, part-time diplomat, seeker of pleasure, freelance writer . . . and incredibly easy lay.

I am awakened at seven by my combination alarm clock/vibrator. I sleep on satin sheets in a water bed filled with lime jelly. I always used to go to bed *au naturel,* but Jean-Loop, my 1783rd lover, convinced me that the nightwear *plus sexy* in the world is a knee-length West Bromwich Albion Supporters' Club T-shirt.

The first thing I do in the morning is squirm around the bed looking for my lovers of the night before, so that I can throw them out. Luc-Alain, my personal assistant, takes down their names and addresses, has them fill out health insurance forms, and rates them in various categories from one to 10 (for example: Moaning – 5; heavy breathing – 7; endurance – 3; grasp of the philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre – 4; fondness for broccoli – 8; inventive use of broccoli – 10; flavour of bodily fluids – 5; and so on), and he carves the notches on the bedpost.

Alone in my bed, I stretch out, enjoying the sensation of not having anybody's knees or bottom in my face. At the foot of the bed I find Bertrand-Henri, my teddy bear. The manly feel of his hairy chest and the passionate gleam in his remaining button eye drives me wild with desire, and we make endless, delirious love on the bedside table until the teasmade decants my morning cuppa into a cut-glass goblet.

Sensuality

For breakfast, I have two soft-boiled eggs; they remind me of fertility, sensuality, the perfection of nature, and an affair I once had with Foghorn Leghorn. Then I eat a bowl of mixed cereal. Halfway through the meal, the overpowering eroticism of the crunching flakes becomes too much for me, and I am unable to stop myself from rubbing milk-sodden Shreddies into my breasts; my long, experienced tongue tenderly explores the crevices of a Weetabix; the Quaker leaps off the packet of oats and throws his hat and religion away to join me in a bath of muesli. As our lovemaking reaches its climax, I snap! I crackle! I pop!

I pull on a Kleenex original and saunter through the slums of Bangkok (*incroyable* name, *n'est-ce pas?*). This morning, I go to the municipal bath-house, for a discreet liaison with a visiting detachment of the French Foreign Legion. I love to take baths. I love to get water all over me. I love to make it with the soap. I love to take a scrubbing brush and rub-rub-rub until I am all pink and clean and tingly. 'Emmanuelle,' the mother superior in my convent school once told me, 'you are the biggest scrubber we have ever had in this place!' Ah, how right she was.

After I have done my patriotic duty with the Legionnaires, and handed out the 'I made it with Mme. Emmanuelle' badges, I visit the clinic for my daily check-up, and a spot of minor plastic surgery. The doctors and nurses are so good to me: first they purge me of any unwanted diseases I might have acquired that morning; then they try a little experimental surgery: often this consists of changing my face or skin colour, but today they have a way of increasing my sexual pleasure a hundredfold, with a new invention – the nasal clitoris. I am overwhelmed. The doctors find me astonishing, since I am one of those rare women who never think about contraception, but still never get pregnant. This may somehow be connected with the fact that I also never menstruate, get headaches, need any sleep, or just plain don't feel like it. Any medical work I get is complicated by the fact that I cannot be in the same room with a doctor or nurse for 30 seconds without seducing them, and they never get that much work done.

I dismiss my chauffeur and hitch-hike into the city, making love *en route* to four lorry drivers, two Mercedes drivers (male and female), a 1968 Volkswagen Beetle, and the passengers, driver and conductor of the 109A bus to Thornton Heath.

> **'I squirm around the bed looking for my lovers of the night before, so that I can throw them out . . .'**

Then I go to the cinema. I only like Disney films. Ah, the happy hours I had as a girl, imagining the things I could do with Pinnochio's nose; how I could wake up the Sleeping Beauty; whether I could make it simultaneously with the Seven Dwarfs; what it would be like to go down on Dumbo, and if *Bedknobs and Broomsticks* were as much fun as the other girls said they were . . .

When the lights go on, I find I have been getting oral sex from the cinema manager, the usherette and the ice-cream girl, and that I have had a close encounter with a choc ice. Thin and sticky rivulets of melted ice cream and sticky chocolate are dripping down my thigh, and what with that, the Legionnaires, the doctors, the hitch-hiking and the rickshaw drivers (I did not tell you about the rickshaw drivers? They must have slipped my mind), my clothes are a bit the worse for wear, so I drop by my costumiers to pick up another batch of easy-to-tear dresses and uncomfortable-to-wear underthings. Since the films I am in and the books that I write are supposed to be really stylish, I have to spend a fortune on itchy-fabric clothes and mansions all over the world. Personally, I have a suspicion that my fans are only interested in the screwing, so I could just as well shop at M & S and live on a council estate in Rickmansworth, but my manager knows best.

Soft Focus

For lunch I have a swinging affair with my dietician and his receptionist. Then home in time to listen to *The Archers,* and I spend the afternoon romping in soft focus and slow motion with whoever happens to call. Today it's a prospective Social Democrat MP.

'Excuse me,' he says to me on the doorstep, 'Can I talk to you about unemployment?'

'Oh, *cheri,*' I breathe seductively, 'have I got an employment for you. Curm on eenside and hui weel 'ave *beaucoup* de sexe all oveur ze Persian hrug! You luke laike you are *un* stallion!'

'Pardon me, miss, but I'd really like to tell you our policy on nuclear disarmament . . . '

'But why should you deesarm what you 'ave een your hwy-fronts, *hein*? Eeet ees jost so beeg! I bet zat Keeng Kong do not 'ave a whanger zat size! *C'est le frère de la tour Eiffel, n'est-ce-pas?*'

'I take it that we'll be getting your vote?'

'Take me now, lover-*garçon*! Take my bodee, take my leeps, take my vote, take my 'andbag! Oh, *c'est formidable*! You are the best screw I 'ave 'ad seence last Tuesday *matin* and ze *deux* old men collecting pour ze lifeboats! *Mon* crikey! I am comeeng! I am *COMEEENG!* I 'ave come.'

' . . . and about the Common Agricultural Policy . . . '

When he starts criticising French farmers, I realize our love can never be, and I reject him cruelly.

I resolve to forget him through travel. I catch the first plane I can to a deserted tropical island; in the plane (a commercial 747) I seduce both of the stewards, the pilot, the navigator, and all the First Class passengers, in the same little toilet at the same time. I only went in there to wash my hands. The price of fame, I suppose.

Sun-kissed

On the sun-kissed beaches of the deserted tropical island, as the azure waves lap the shore, I rendezvous for a bout of healthy but meaningless sex with a member of the Royal Family. We roll in the sand, clinging passionately to one another, pressing our souls together as the surf beats relentlessly and the tropical birds sing of our love. Then we have a cigarette.

In the evening I go to a party thrown by the Ministry of Tourism, and I am called on to give an after-dinner speech about the attractions of Paris. I break off in the middle of a few witty remarks about the Gare du Nord to have sex with the fruit salad, but no one seems to mind. At the reception afterwards, I am trapped in the ladies' powder room by a sex-crazed international rugby team. I think I am in for a treat, but since all they do is drink beer, throw up, and sing stupid songs about people with big willies, nothing happens. Yawn!

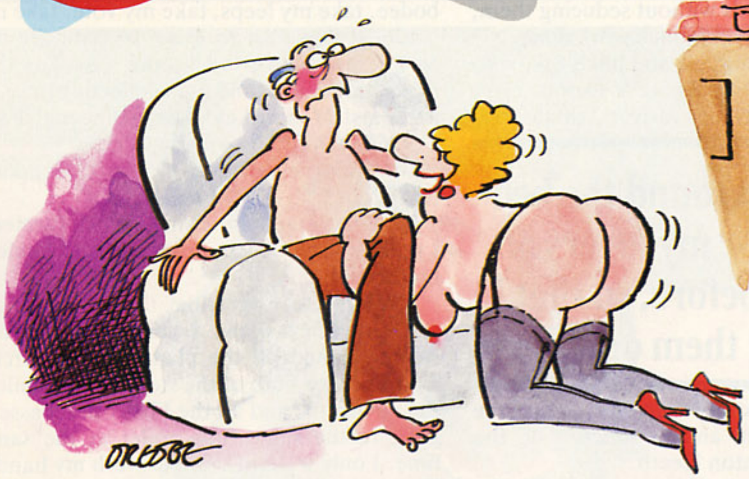
However, the evening is not wasted, as the riot policeman who comes to disperse the rugby players has a schlong the spitting image of the nose of the late General de Gaulle, and an inventive – if backward – use for his truncheon. As my old Mother Superior used to say: 'Emmanuelle,' she would say, 'you must stop Arsan about.' I miss the old dear, with her crucifix and her wicked habits.

Back home, I take on all the servants in the sack (it's cheaper than paying them), then I listen to Maurice Chevalier songs as I drift off to sleep. I'm looking forward to tomorrow. It's my birthday. I'll be all grown up then. Oooops, I forgot to say my prayers . . . God bless *papa,* God bless *maman,* and God bless Teddy . . .

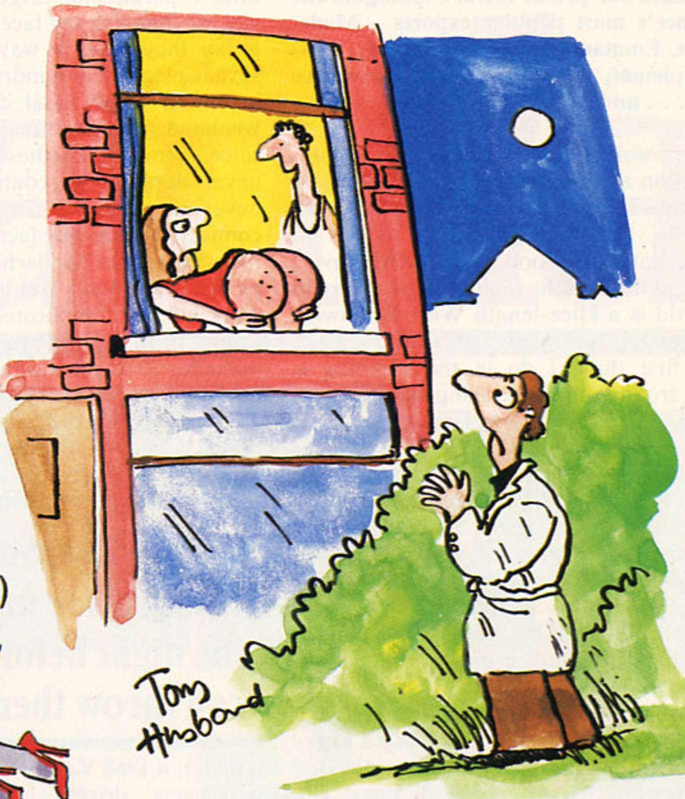
Neil Gaiman

Photographs by Dave Antony

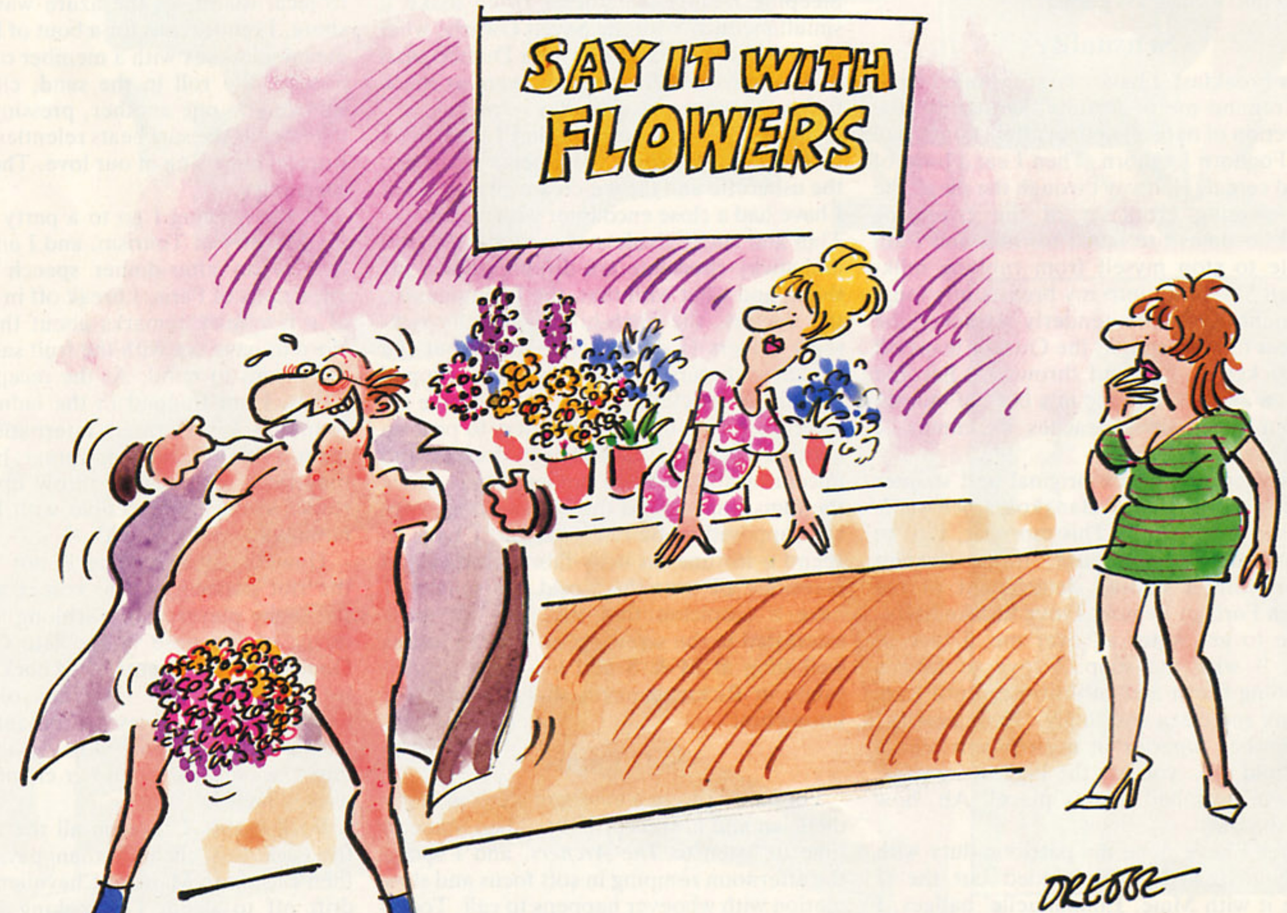
SKETCH CLUB

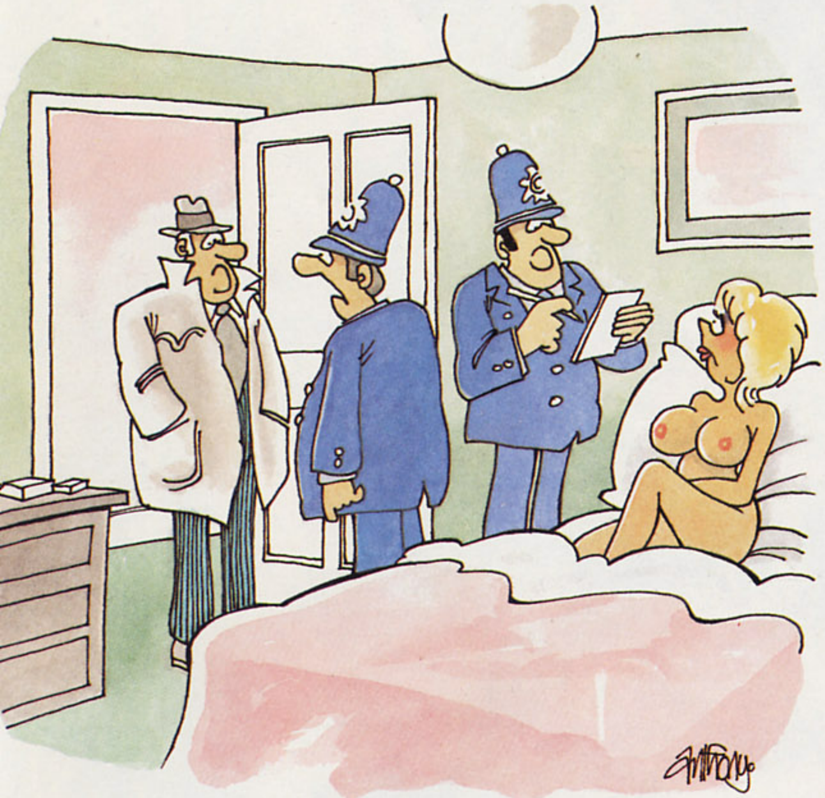


Did I tell you I used to be a trombonist with the Ivy Benson Band?

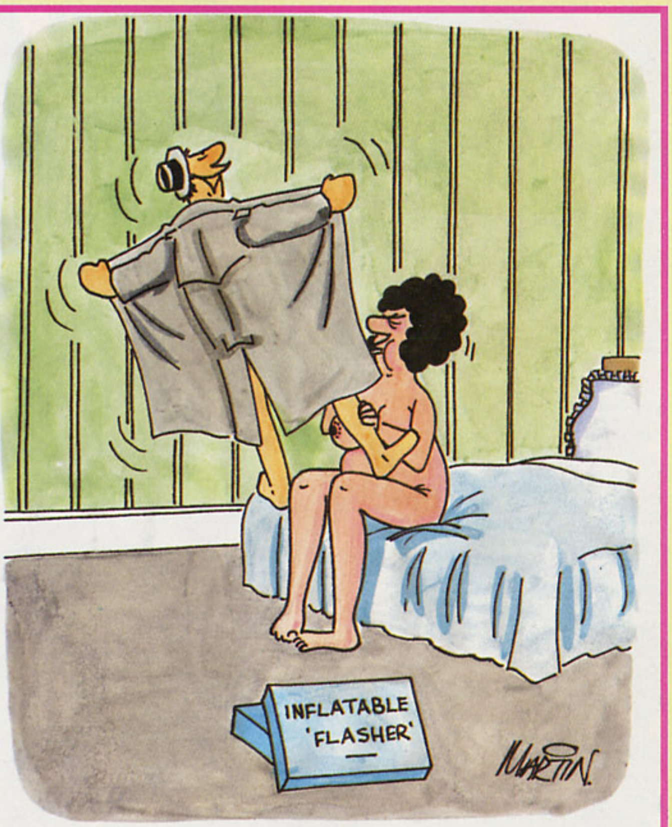

Tom Husband

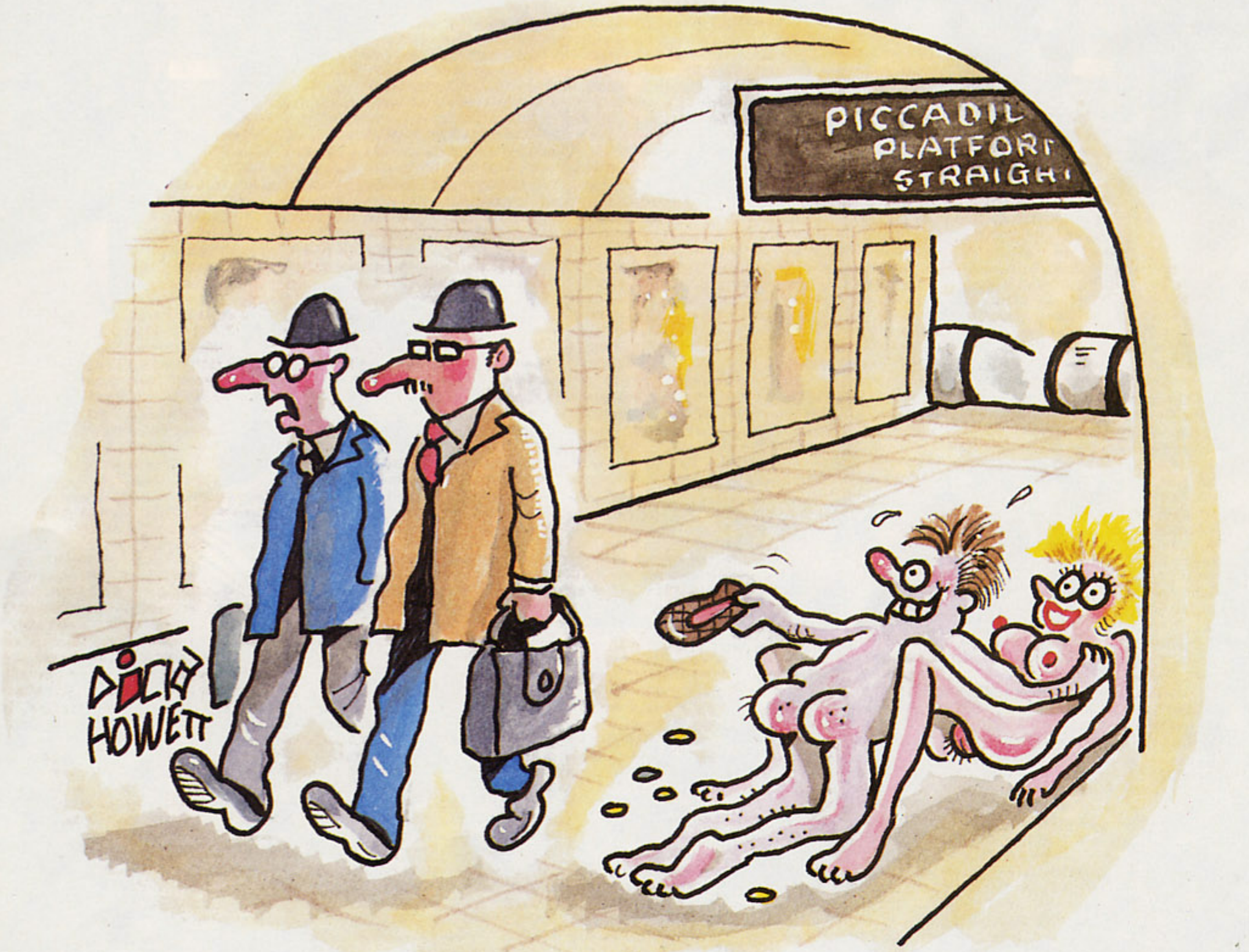
I remember a time when you'd be petrified of Peeping Toms


SAY IT WITH FLOWERS
DREBBE



He's definitely been here, Sarge, but somehow he always manages to keep one jump ahead of us


INFLATABLE 'FLASHER'
MARTIN


PICCADIL
PLATFOR
STRAIGH
DICK HOWETT

If you ask me, this busking on the Underground is getting a bit out of hand

D A L L A S

Classic BOOK CLUB

Sex with a touch of class, and blasts from the past. The Victorians were at it, the Edwardians were at it and, of course, the Parisians, too. From the turn of the last century to the beginning of this one, Club International offers you a series of erotic extracts from the classics.

POKER AND POKE 'ER GAMES

Extract of The Pearl, Vol 2 *(NEL – £1.95) by kind permission of New English Library*

Following on the heels of scenes of the most delicious wantonness, five ladies belonging to the highest society retire to the house of a Duchess, whereupon a game of cards is quickly abandoned in favour of dancing with the servants of the establishment and one or two sly seductions . . .

"This was altogether a memorable day, for as soon as we got back to Crecy House, Corisande whispered to me that as the gentlemen had all been fairly used up, her sisters had resolved to have an evening to ourselves whilst the gentlemen were in Parliament or at their clubs recruiting their enervated abilities by wine, smoke and cards. We might be sure of them till six am at least, and the afternoon had left us all in such a burning unsatisfied state that they had impressed into our service four handsome young fellows – two footmen and two pages – who had never yet been admitted to any freedom with their mistresses, but Lady St. Aldegonde had already sworn them to secrecy as to what they might see in the evening, and given her instructions to have everything prepared in her own private drawing room, so as to be ready as soon as the rest of the establishment had retired for the night.

Lightly Attired

"It was past ten o'clock when we arrived home, but Bertha was so clever, it was all devised and ordered in a few minutes, the footmen and pages little suspecting the scene they were to be introduced to when taking their oaths of secrecy. Everything promised a deliciously enjoyable affair, especially as we had to undertake to seduce them to our purposes.

"In less than an hour-and-a-half, it was all ready; the Duchess was still keeping her room, so Bertha dismissed all except John, James, Charles and Lucien (the last-named a fine handsome French page) as well as two pretty lady's-maids, Fanny and Bridget. There were five of us ladies who sat down to a game of cards, for which the party was ostensibly designed, all of us very lightly attired in the most négligé style as if quite indifferent to any little exposures we might make of our charms.

"'My luck is dead this evening,' exclaimed Lady Montairy, throwing her cards down; 'I shall be ruined if I sit here; what do you say to a dance? Let's get the servants to join us for fun; come Lucien, have a waltz with me round the room. I feel so low-spirited I don't care what I do to drive it away.'

"'Fie, sister! how you make the boy blush, but I wouldn't mind a dance myself if it were not for the thing getting known,' replied Corisande.

"'Let's have a downright spree for once – John, James, and all of you will keep it secret. I should so like to know how you enjoy yourselves downstairs,' laughed Bertha.

"'Your Ladyship's slightest wish is binding upon us,' replied John, most respectfully, speaking for the others, 'and I am sure none of us would betray such a secret, when ladies condescend to a little familiar fun with their domestics.'

"Bertha seated herself at the piano, and everything was cleared out of the way for a waltz. Lady Montairy led off with Lucien, I proposed to Charles, a very handsome youth of 17, whilst Alice and Corisande had the two good-looking footmen, John and James for partners, Bridget and Fanny making a female couple.

"What fun we had – how flushed and excited our partners looked as we clung to them in the voluptuous evolutions of this inspiriting waltz, as the strains of Lady Bertha's talented execution seemed to thrill through our souls; the young fellows quite delighted us by their easy graceful motions and manners, having evidently profited by their everyday experience in seeing their superiors conduct themselves in society.

"At last we stopped from sheer exhaustion, Lady Montairy giving Lucien quite an amorous kiss as she led him to a sofa, pretending she did it to put him at his ease, and we all followed her example, my partner excitedly returning my embrace with ample interest and ardour, his hot, burning lips sending a thrill of desire through my frame.

Excited Nerves

"Pretending to wish to cool myself a little I walked him into the next room, which was only lighted by the brilliant moon, and we opened the window, which looked out over a lovely garden, and then sat in a rather dark recess to enjoy the slight breeze which was loaded with perfume of flowers and had a soft sensuous effect on my excited nerves. I longed to enjoy my young partner, but did not exactly like the idea of being the first of the party to break through the slight barriers that still existed in favour of decency, although I knew perfectly well it was intended to be done by Lady Bertha and her sisters; still they seemed so slow in arriving at a thorough explanation with their company that I could wait no longer. 'Charles,' I whispered, 'do you know what love is? Have you ever had a sweetheart?'

"'No, my Lady, I never had a chance yet, as I look at all the beautiful creatures, and think how hard it is that I dare not kiss one of them. Dear Lady, did you but know the intense pleasure your lips afforded me just now, you would not think that kiss was thrown away, as I expect you did it in fun,' he responded with emotion.

"'Silly boy,' I laughed in a whisper, 'to think that should make you so happy! Why – I don't mind giving you another here in the dark, if it is such a pleasure and costs me nothing,' kissing him again in a very amorous manner. He clasped my heaving form to his bosom, and I could feel quite a shiver of delight rush through his trembling frame.

Gently Prodded

"'What makes you tremble so, Charles?' I asked in the most innocent manner, laying my hand carelessly on his thigh just where I hoped to make an important discovery. Nor was I displeased to touch the engine of love which my hand gently prodded, as if quite unconscious of anything wrong. What a start he gave as he exclaimed: 'I am so ashamed; oh, lady, you have driven me mad.' Then, suddenly letting his rampant love dart loose, it stood throbbing and spending over my hand, whilst I seemed to be unable to realize what I was doing.

"'Oh; darling! Oh, Beatrice! Forgive me! What pleasure!' he seemed to gasp out, kissing me

Illustrated by Dave Antony

POKER AND POKE 'ER GAMES

rapturously, and taking all sorts of liberties with my bosom, which he was moulding and pressing with his hands.

"'What am I doing? Pray Charles, don't be so rude,' I said hastily, dropping the hold of his affair, and pretending to want to free myself from his embrace, but the amorous lad had gone too far to realize his prize, and almost quicker than I can relate it, his hands were under my skirts, forcing their way to the very shrine of love itself.

Helplessness

"My partner was far too impetuous to heed my faint remonstrances, and in spite of all I could do to keep my thighs closed, his venturesome hand soon took possession of my heated cunny. 'If I die I must have you, darling lady,' he whispered in my ear, as he suddenly forced me quite back on the sofa, and tried to raise my clothes.

"'Ah! No! No! I shall faint. How your violence frightens me!' I sighed, trying to smother my desires by simulating helplessness, and then feigning unconsciousness. I promised myself a rare treat by allowing him to think I really had fainted, which, no doubt, would urge him to take advantage of the moment to riot unrestrained in the enjoyment of my most secret charms.

"It was almost dark in the shadowy recess where the sofa on which we were was situated. 'She's quite gone, the darling!' I heard him say to himself, as he gently parted my relaxing thighs. 'I'll kiss it first.' Then I knew he was kneeling between my legs, and I felt his fingers gently parting the lips of my cunt. 'How I must have excited her, she's been spending!' he went on, then I felt his lips right between the nymphæ as he kissed me rapturously just on the excitable little clitoris. What a thrill of desire it sent through my frame, as it made me literally quiver all over with emotion, so that I could scarcely refrain from clasping his head with my hand, or nipping his dear face between my thighs.

"This only lasted a few moments, which seemed awfully long in my excitable state. My cunt was spending and throbbing under the voluptuous titillations of his velvety tongue. Heavens – how I wanted to feel his prick inside of me! I could not have feigned my fainting state another instant, but the moment my lips were in the act of parting to implore him to fuck me at once, he started to his feet, pushing my thighs as wide apart as possible, and directly I felt the hot head of his cock placed to the mark; slowly and gradually he pushed his way in, as contracting my usually tight affair I made it as difficult as I could for him to achieve possession. How he kissed my lips, calling me: 'Darling lady, dear Beatrice, oh, you love, what pleasure you give me!'

"I felt him spend a torrent of his warm essence right up to my vitals, and then lay still upon me, exhausted for the moment by his emission.

Amorous Kisses

"Still apparently in the state of inanimation, and without opening my eyes, I made my cunt nip and contract on his throbbing prick as it was soaking within me, in such a manner that he was almost immediately aroused from his delicious lethargy, and recommenced his movements, exclaiming to himself: 'What a love of a girl! Even in her fainting state, the love pressure of her cunt responds to the action of my prick. What pleasure it would be if I could but arouse her to sensibility!' as he kissed me over and over again rapturously, quickening his stroke till my blood was so fired I could no longer impose upon him, so I suddenly threw my arms around the dear boy's neck, whilst my amorous kisses responding to his silently assured him of the delight he was affording me.

"'Here they are, the sly things! Why – Beatrice is the hottest of the lot. See – she has got Charles well in her,' laughed Lady Bertha, bringing a light into the room, and followed by all the others, looking very excited, and as if some of them at least had been doing the same; in fact, I could see the front of John's trousers were undone, whilst the flushed face of Lady Montairy, and the delighted manner in which she clung to the handsome young French page, assured me that she at least was on the best of terms with her partner, added to which, in the background, Bridget and Fanny seemed as loving as any of them from their sparkling eyes.

"Charles was dreadfully confused, and I felt that the surprise was taking all the vigour out of him, so with the greatest presence of mind, I threw my legs over his buttocks and embraced him more firmly than ever, as I exclaimed: 'It's this naughty fellow, my dear, who has taken such liberties with me, that I fainted from fear, and he is in complete possession of my virginity. And having aroused all my passions to the highest pitch, he wants to withdraw. Slap his bottom well for me, and make him now complete my pleasure, after satisfying his own greedy lusttulness!'

He struggled hard to get away but I held him tightly, whilst all of them slapped him without mercy, making him fairly bound in the saddle to my great delight – more especially when I soon found him swelling up quite an unnatural stiffness till his prick was almost breaking my quim, and he was furiously fucking with all his might, as he cried out for them to leave off and let him do it properly."

club Portrait

'I always enjoyed getting the money, but it was a sexual turn-on as well. I couldn't believe what I could DO to guys…'

Tym Manley talks to Vicki Scott

Vicki Scott has always been a bad girl. From the age of six, when she was caught doing her first striptease in the lobby of the Aberdeen tenement where she lived:

'The boys all ran away and left me and I couldn't get my liberty bodice buttoned back on to my little kilt,' through the virginity test, after which:

'I was a tainted woman,' through the time when she ran away from her boyfriend in London and started work in a Soho 'photographic' studio and an escort bar at the same time:

'I loved posing. I just couldn't get over what I could DO to guys!'

And through her photographic modelling for men's magazines, her posing for amateur groups, her kissogram delivery, her ownership of a peepshow in Soho's Berwick Street. Even her TV and film appearances have been on the naughty side. And the truth of the matter is she *enjoys* being bad.

You might expect a girl who has danced naked in dingy rooms while men masturbate in front of her, who has heard every fantasy and fetish known to science – and quite a few that may not be, who has – I suppose – seen men at their very worst, to have a hard, cynical view of sex; to find men rather pathetic creatures.

But it is not so.

'If you start thinking like that, then you couldn't do it any more. At least, I couldn't.

'It's true that I have to separate the men I meet in studios from the men in my life and I think I can do that. The thing is, you never even *talk* to men you meet professionally in your normal way. You put on a sexy voice. It's all fantasy from the beginning.

'There are some things I couldn't do in my own life that other couples might do if it came up. Like, well, something I did with one of my boyfriends before I got into the business. He wanted me to dance naked while he masturbated. I could do it then. And other couples might do it without thinking twice if it came up. But I couldn't do that now.

'I have to keep an iron curtain between my personal and my professional life.'

On Edge

It's not just that Vicki isn't cynical about men – she's a raving, incurable, romantic. We talked in her kitchen as she made steak and onions for her flatmate's dinner (and asked me for cookery hints, which shows you – or would if you'd tasted my boiled eggs – the standard of her domestication).

I could tell she was slightly on edge. Every time the 'phone rang she had to answer it, although she had set herself not to until we were done. She was waiting for *him* to call.

'I'm really so silly sometimes. I'm great at handling people I don't much like. But as soon as I meet someone I really fancy, I get in such a state with myself.

'I've been waiting all day for him to ring. He was here last weekend. I've only just met him and I've made up my mind not to sleep with someone until I know him better. So he stayed, and we didn't have sex.

'And then I started thinking: "Oh no, he'll think I don't want him. I've let him go . . "

'I always do it. And nothing puts a man off quicker than a girl going all gooey-eyed on him.'

There is no need to describe Vicki Scott to you. Her pictures show every part of her off to perfection. What they don't show is the slow smile, the soft Aberdeen accent and her bubbly sense of fun.

TV Work

She is a model. She *likes* being a model. And even though she has done more film and TV work recently, she is not one of those girls who dreams of a future as a great actress.

'When I think of all the effort it took to get into modelling – and it's going to be *ten* times as hard to become an actress – I don't know if I've got the energy.

'I really have enjoyed my film and TV work, more than stills photography, and I have to face the fact at my age that I shall get less glamour work. But I will only get small parts while I have this accent.

'It's something I was determined not to lose. But I *have* been to elocution lessons. I can do an English accent in class, but they tell me I'll never be able to do it properly unless I drop my Scottish accent completely. And that's what I can't do.

'With friends, I drop back into my own way of speaking. And if I try to speak in an English accent, I feel so false! I can't do it. It sounds to me as if I'm trying to "speak posh".'

Modelling can be very glamorous. She's done all the big magazines. She is the preferred Marilyn Monroe lookalike for big glamorous jobs.

Amateur Groups

Modelling can also be very run-of-the-mill.

She's done the posing for amateur groups, the stripograms, the peepshow-dancing, the 'photographic studio' wet-dream work. And she accepts it all as part of her work. Very down to earth, Vicki.

What sort of work are you doing at the moment?

'This time of year, I might do the men's magazines or kissograms – anything to make some money on the side. From the end of summer until Christmas, I make a living full-time as a model. There's lots of Marilyn Monroe work.'

What's been a typical week?

'Well, take last week. It's not really typical, but it was great fun.

'On the Monday, I did some lingerie shots. Tuesday, I rested. On Wednesday, I was booked by the BBC for *The Two Ronnies . . .'*

What were you doing?

'It was a Marilyn Monroe job. The sketch was about a fancy dress party. Everyone arrived dressed as famous comedians. Ronnie Barker was Oliver Hardy, I was MM . . . but Ronnie Corbett came as *himself*. And that was the gag, because nobody could guess who he was! They kept guessing "Sooty", things like that.

'In the end, I came over as MM and guessed he was Basil Brush.

'Honey, I take my little Basil Brush doll to bed with me every night . . .'

You do the accent well.

'Yes, I can do American. It's a lot easier than posh English. It was really good fun. I loved doing it.

'So. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday I was booked up with rehearsals, wardrobe calls and all that. On the Sunday we did the recording.

'Monday, I did a before-and-after Marilyn Monroe feature for *Woman*. Tuesday I went to Amsterdam for a duvet advertisement . . .'

Then it's back to nudes for men's mags?

'I haven't really done the magazines for years and years. I did some in Spain last summer, but that was the first for a long time.

'I've been saying for the last couple of years that "next year will be my last as a model".

'Now it's coming nearer the time, I really can't think what to do instead. Nothing interests me or excites me as much.

Leave London

'I think I'll have to leave London to decide, because if I'm still here and I'm still getting work, I'll never stop. One half of me keeps saying that I do love what I do and I still get work, so why stop . . .

'What worries me is being a glamour model and approaching 30. I won't want to do so much nude work, so I have to think of something to fill in that part of my income.

'I can go on doing Marilyn, at least until I'm as old as she was when she died. And of course the TV work can carry on. But it's not enough. If I could increase that, perhaps I could carry on. I love it so much, the lifestyle and everything.'

Are you a show-off?

'I suppose I must be. I think I found the answer, when I discovered modelling, as to

Photographs by Dave Antony

my O-grades, and I got five of them.'

Then you left Aberdeen?

'I would have, but I got involved with a boy. I worked in an office. I worked in Guernsey for the summer and went back to Scotland for the winter. Then I really fell in love with him.

Glamour Pictures

'The next summer, I hitched down to Jersey to work, with a girlfriend. It was stupid, really; we had no money or anything. In the end, I had to ask my mum to send me the money to fly to London. I stayed with my boyfriend's parents in Harlesden and he came down from Scotland to join me.'

What were you doing?

'I was temping – office work. The idea was that I would stay for three months or so to make enough money to pay my mum back. But after three months, I found I liked it here. I'd met my first amateur photographer, Mr D. He took glamour pictures of me and took me to amateur studios where I began to pose for groups.

'And, of course, I'd met all the people in the street who said: "You should be a model". I was never taken in by any of them, but it put the idea in my head.'

So Mr D was your first photographer?

'He was great. He did a lot for me. He bought me my first portfolio and filled it with 16×20 blow-ups of pictures he'd taken of me.'

What did your boyfriend make of that?

'He was really jealous. He'd say: "You must be screwing this guy if he's doing all these things for you", but of course I wasn't. Neither of us knew anything about the voyeuristic side of sex, or anything.

'But he was really jealous of the way everything was opening out for me. He'd walk me to work, meet me for lunch, walk me home. But the crunch came because he wouldn't do anything about getting us a flat away from his parents.

'One day I just ran off. I ended up in a bed and breakfast in south London. I couldn't get my temping wages until the Monday, so I looked through the *London Weekly Advertiser* for a job.

'I got one posing at Miss Candy's photographic studio in Soho.

That's where men can hire a camera and take pictures of a nude model for so much an hour?

'That's right. But I couldn't start there until the Monday. It was Friday and I had no money. So I decided to do an escort job.'

Just like that?

'Oh, no. I'll have to go back a bit: a month or so before my boyfriend took me to Soho. I had this fantasy. I wanted to see what it was like to be a prostitute. I just wanted to stand there and see if anyone tried to pick me up.

'I didn't want to *go* with anyone, just play out this fantasy. And I wanted my boyfriend to stand on the corner and watch. He'd heard about "clipping" – you know, where the girls try and get the money up front and then run – so we agreed to try that.

'I worked out I was going to say it was £15 and meet you round the corner. It was like an exciting joke.

'But it turned out the first bloke who came along had an escort club in the same street. He was like a Maltese pimp, but I didn't know that.

'So I did my number on him – I think he'd been watching, you know – and he said: "You must think I'm stupid. But this is my club; do you want a job?"

'So I went in with him. And, of course, three seconds later, my boyfriend steamed in to drag me out. But not before I'd taken this guy's number. So when I needed a job, I rang him.

'You know, that guy tried to screw me in the club: said he wanted to try me out for the customers! Well, there was no way I was *that* stupid!'

So you became a hostess?

'Right – sitting with the customers, getting them to buy us drinks. But I still had this prostitute fantasy to play out.

'There was this guy who came in, a Spanish businessman. He was staying at a posh hotel and he wanted me to go back with him, so I did.

'I was so green, trying to act as I thought prostitutes did: asking him how he wanted

Vicki as Marilyn. Pretty convincing, huh?

to do it and silly things like that.

'Well, there was no way I was going to sleep with a man for money. I would never have screwed a guy for money, even if he offered £500. But I had this daft fantasy.

'I told him it was £50, and somehow got him to give me the money first. I think it was just because I was so green, he must have thought I was really stupid.

'Then I managed to escape, via the toilet. I even had the nerve to go into the hotel lobby and ask the porter for an envelope and a stamp to post the money to myself!'

You didn't think that was a bit shabby?

'You know, I didn't. I was 19 and the whole thing was a big thrill to me.

'Anyway, the next Monday, I went to the temp agency for my money and my boyfriend was there. We got back together again – except, this time, I kept my new-found independence.'

Doing naughty things in a posing parlour?

'Not very naughty. My boyfriend would never believe it was straight in there, but as far as I was concerned, it was.

'I don't know to this day if it was *really* straight. The people who ran it said it was, but they would *have* to, to keep it okay with the police. But some girls were sacked for doing extras with the customers. So perhaps it *was* straight.

'As it was, there was plenty of money to be made. You were allowed to charge extra for open-leg shots, extra for dressing up and extra to let the guy wank himself off – so long as you didn't touch him or him you.

'And, really, there was no need to do any more. Sometimes we were offered money for sex; quite a lot of money. But it was rare. Most of the guys had maybe £20 to £50 to spend, and you could usually get that without touching.

'Besides, that was what they wanted. They knew they could get sex with a prostitute for maybe £30, but that wasn't what they wanted.'

You say you wouldn't screw for money, but how did you think about posing like that?

'I really enjoyed it. I got a big thrill out of it. Besides, I started reading all the dirty books as well. I had never looked at my body like that before. I had a great sex life with my boyfriend. I started to come together sexually all at the same time.

Big Adventure

'I knew that what I was doing could be classed as a form of prostitution. But I looked at it that if they didn't touch me and I didn't touch them, I wasn't doing anything I didn't want to do.'

What sort of thrill did it give you? A sexual kick, or the thrill of getting paid for it?

'I always enjoyed getting the money, but it was a sexual turn-on as well. I just couldn't believe what I could DO to guys. It was like a big adventure. I loved every minute of it. I dressed up the part, put on a special sexy voice, learned all the right things to say . . .'

How did you feel about the customers?

'At first, I couldn't believe they could be so daft! And then I got to think about them as individuals. One had a prude for a wife who wouldn't let him see her naked. Another couldn't get any girlfriends. Some were just plain weird. But mostly we got a type in there; men who wanted exactly the sort of service we gave them.'

How did your boyfriend take all this?

'He didn't like it, really. But it turned him on. You see, I became a real sex maniac at that time. We'd go home in the tube and I'd wear stockings and suspenders and no knickers. I'd see if I could give a guy a hard-on with my boyfriend watching and pretending he wasn't with me.

Fantasies

'All these things turned him on, but they drove him mad as well.

'When I met him I wasn't sexually mature. He'd ask me, back home in Scotland, what my sexual fantasies were. Well, I didn't have any. He didn't believe me, but it was true.

'And I'd never wanked, either. The girls talked at school and I'd had a probe around – see how many fingers we could get up, that sort of thing. I never did it for a thrill.

'But when I started posing, it all happened at once for me. I had fantasies and I told him what they were. And I used to tell him what happened at the studio.

'We took a long time breaking up. But, in the end, I think my sexuality became a bit too much for him.'

It sometimes is hard for models to settle down. Men think they want to live with exciting, sexy, models – but they don't, really.

'I think you're right about men. But models *do* want to settle down. I don't think I have a problem separating the men in my life from the men I meet in studios.

'For example, when I was running my peepshow, an actor used to come in. We would talk, and I never thought of him as a customer. Besides, I never danced in the peepshow after the first couple of months.

'Afterwards, when I left there, we kept in touch. And one day he wanted to book me for a private session.

'I was really surprised. But he came. And he wanted to do what we did in the peepshow, ie for me to dance around naked while he wanked himself off.

'Apparently, he *had* watched me dance in the peepshow and I was his fantasy.

'Well, I couldn't put it together. I felt strange getting dressed up in stockings. I was shy and unsure of myself. I didn't like it at all.

'I still avoid seeing him because it feels weird; because he is a friend.'

Back to 1976. You suddenly took the men's magazines by storm.

'Well, it took a long time. I didn't have the confidence to try for it. There was a photographic model at Miss Candy and I kept talking to her about it, dropping hints. But she never suggested I should try it.

Turned Down

'She wasn't tall. But even *she* was taller than me! I thought you had to be tall, even for nudes.

'Of course, I met a lot of semi-pro photographers around the studios and they suggested this and that. Finally I got some pictures off Mr D and sent them round the magazines.

'I tried one agency, but got turned down. After that, I was nervous to try again. But a male model took my portfolio round to another agency and I got a job!'

Who with?

'It was a photographer called Terry Sparks. I'll never forget my first session. I had this book called *Good Grooming*. It must have been published in the '50s and I remember doing my make-up from this book with a white scarf round my head.

'Thick panstick. Thick eye-liner. A red wig!

'I got £30 for that and *he* got five or six covers out of it!'

What did you think when it came out?

'I was delighted. I bought them all.'

What did your parents think?

'I don't think they saw it. I told them I was doing it, of course, but they'd never have recognized me with that wig.'

And it went from there?

'Slowly. I started getting work. Finally I went to Spain for *Men Only* with a really good photographer called Fred Enke. I left the studio after that to be a full-time model.'

It was around that time that the magazines got very strong.

'Not when I started. It all became wide-open pussy *after* that.'

How did you feel about the wide-open stuff?

'I never ever liked it very much. It wasn't very flattering. I'm always happy to look at nice photos of myself. But when you go to a lesser photographer and the results are printed on bad paper in a cheap magazine, it isn't so good to look at. My pussy always

Vicki proves she's also a wow as herself!

looks so ugly in that sort of magazine and I feel like turning the page.

'I'd always say to myself, when working for a cheap magazine: "It's no different from what you do for Club International; it's everything around you that's different".

'But, after a while, it *was* different. I had to go stronger and stronger. I've had my pussy lips glued open, you know!'

You didn't like that?

'I'd do something like that for amateurs and couldn't care less, but I never liked it published. By that time, though, I'd left the studio and it was my only income.'

Had the thrill gone out of posing?

'No, because there were always better jobs to get. It was only when I couldn't do anything better than I'd already done that the thrill went out of it.'

When did that start to happen?

'Oh, about five years ago. I decided it would be nice to have a break. Besides, I wanted to change what I did a little. The Marilyn thing had started and a bit of TV work.

'Since then, I go back and do some of them every couple of years. Last time was when my sister, Lisa, started out as a model. And then the Spanish trip last summer.

'I can get a job with some of the magazines whenever I like. But I don't bother. They take so long to come out. And when I meet someone new, it's nice to be able to say: "That's what I did when I was getting into modelling, you know". But that's rather spoiled if they see a picture about a month old . . .'

How did the Marilyn lookalike thing start?

'That was the eminent photographer, Bill Carter. I lived round the corner from his studio. I was very into '40s clothes and I'd had such an apprenticeship with amateurs that I was really cheesecake in my style. You know, always had a big smile for the camera.

'Well, Bill always went on about how I looked like Marilyn. I could never see the likeness, and if you compare us feature by feature, there isn't much of one. But Bill saw that overall image.

'At that time, there was an excellent MM-lookalike called Linda on the scene. But she went off to the States, leaving quite a few jobs already booked for her.

'One of them was for Bill, so he asked me to come to the casting. And I got the job. He hired a great make-up artist and the result was excellent.

'Bill was delighted, and my agent loved it. George Richardson liked it and I did a topless one for him which went into the *Mirror.* From that, I got a commercial with Ken Russell. George came on set and did more publicity shots which ended up in the paper again.

Really Fat

'All the time, I thought it was just a fad that would die out, but it kept going on and on. And now I've invested in a wig, some dresses and I have a completely separate portfolio for Marilyn. Separate cards, too. Otherwise I might not get any work as me and I wouldn't like that!

'I always keep Monroe for the big jobs. I'd never do a Monroe kissogram, for example.'

In 1981 you opened Vicki Scott's peepshow and studio in Berwick Street. How did that happen?

'Well, I went to Australia for six months and, when I came back, I was really fat. Besides that, I'd had my boobs done.'

You never needed to make your boobs bigger!

'A lot of people say that. Because of the shape of my rib cage, and because I'm short, I always got busty parts. But I was just an expert at padding bras; making a cleavage out of nothing. The actual tits weren't very big. Just about a 35 B cup and no more.

'I had a 35 bust and a 33 hip. I thought it would be nice to be a full 36 with a slim 33 hip. But, you know, ever since – even though I've lost the fat – I've never been less than a 35 hip. Where was I . . . ?'

Fat . . .

'Oh, yes. The boob operation makes you fat, too. So I came back really beefy. I couldn't work. I could do TV and Marilyn, but that wasn't enough.

'An old friend who I worked for at Miss Candy was at that time a landlord in Soho. He suggested I run this peepshow.'

You weren't very happy while you were there, I hear.

'It was great for the first year or so. I had great girls, there were only a few peepshows around, and we made a lot of money. But then the council started, the police started and peepshows sprang up everywhere. It was hell. And I was lumbered with all the administration work.'

You were pretty hard to work for, I hear. A girl who danced for you told me you used to make them clean up the room while the customers were still looking on.

'That became one of my pet hates. I had a cleaner for the booths and another for the dancing area. All the girls had to do was keep their own things tidy and put a new bin-liner in every now and then.

Obsession

'Towards the end, we weren't making much money and I had to work outside. And it made me bloody mad when I had to clean out the bins as well!

'I was good to those girls; I helped them a lot. I put them up, helped them get modelling jobs, told them where to go for test shots. It wasn't much to ask that they keep the place tidy. It became an obsession.'

You've always been very professional yourself. Maybe this is the first time you have come face to face with the models who photographers moan about: who don't give a damn, who don't turn up, who lead you one hell of a life.

'I suppose so. I really worked hard for some of those girls. I'd give them all the tips they needed to get into magazines, just to have, say, some stupid little bitch with a squiffy eye and buck teeth saying: "I don't really want to do magazines".

'I was dying to get out of it in the end.'

You had other problems, like feminists throwing things at the shop. Are you a feminist?

'No. I think – well, a lot of people are coming to think – that this feminist thing has done more harm than good. We started off fighting for equal rights. Now we know what it's like to get heart attacks and ulcers, to pay mortgages, to support a family *and* we're left with a lot of impotent men.

'Clever women have always been able to get their own way, anyhow. I suppose what we should be after is freedom of choice, which should mean you're free to do *anything*. Even to be a naughty glamour girl.'

What are your hopes for the future?

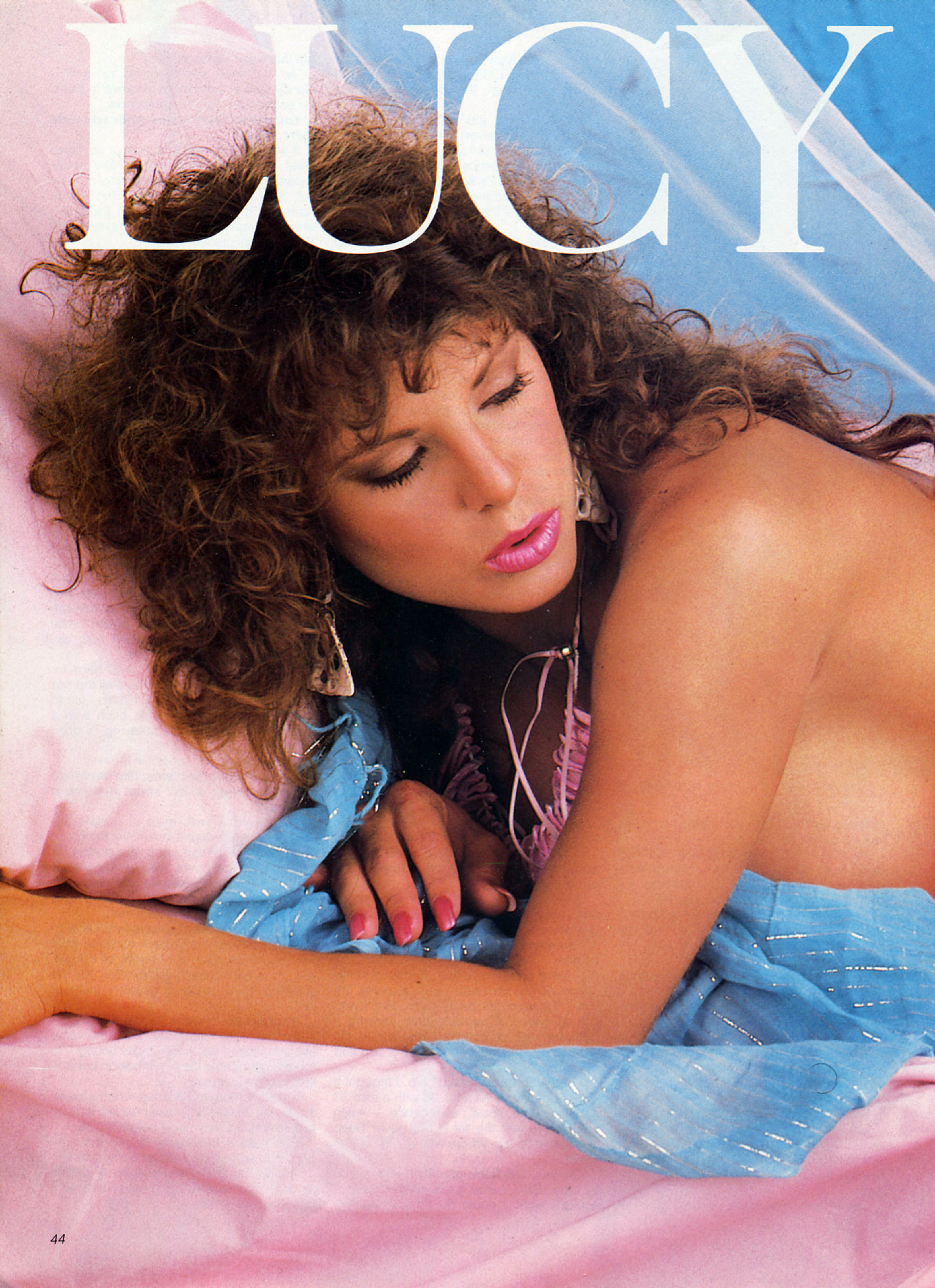
'For me? Well I suppose I have the same two ambitions I had when I was young – to live the glamorous life of a model in London and to have children.

'I always thought I'd have kids between the age of 28 and 32; I never felt like it much before that. I'd like to do it before I'm 35.

'But it would be lovely to find the right person to settle down with as a daddy first.

'And if I can find a way to keep modelling as well, that would be great. Because I really love what I do.'

LUCY



Photographs by Wavelength Productions

club

MR. R.U.A.T. LEAF
INSURANCE
INVESTIGATOR
Paul Cemmick

HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

The Misadventures of a Sloane Ranger. Edited by Nigel Buxton. Illustrated by Paul Cemmick

'We take a very dim view of fraud, Mr Eaton-Squire, very dim indeed. In a case like this, I'm left with little choice but to inform the police.'

That pillar of Sloane society, Charles Eaton-Squire, has been rumbled by the man from Fire, Auto & Marine. Submitting a colossal claim for water damage and theft when already insured with the Pru, CU, Norwich Union, etc. And that isn't pre-opening time pallor that renders Charles so pale this wintry morn. It's blind panic.

'Er, um, can't we resolve this amicably, old chap? There's the XJS, the Van De Velde seascape, the Georgian silver cutlery, Henrietta's GTI cabrio . . .'

'Charles!' snaps the lady of the house with such vehemence her boobs shudder, unfettered as they are within her white silk Janet Reger slip. 'The GTI goes, ai go with it!'

'Mr Eaton-Squire,' the insurance investigator interjects. 'I am not here to impound your ill-gotten gains. I am here to inform you that charges are being laid.'

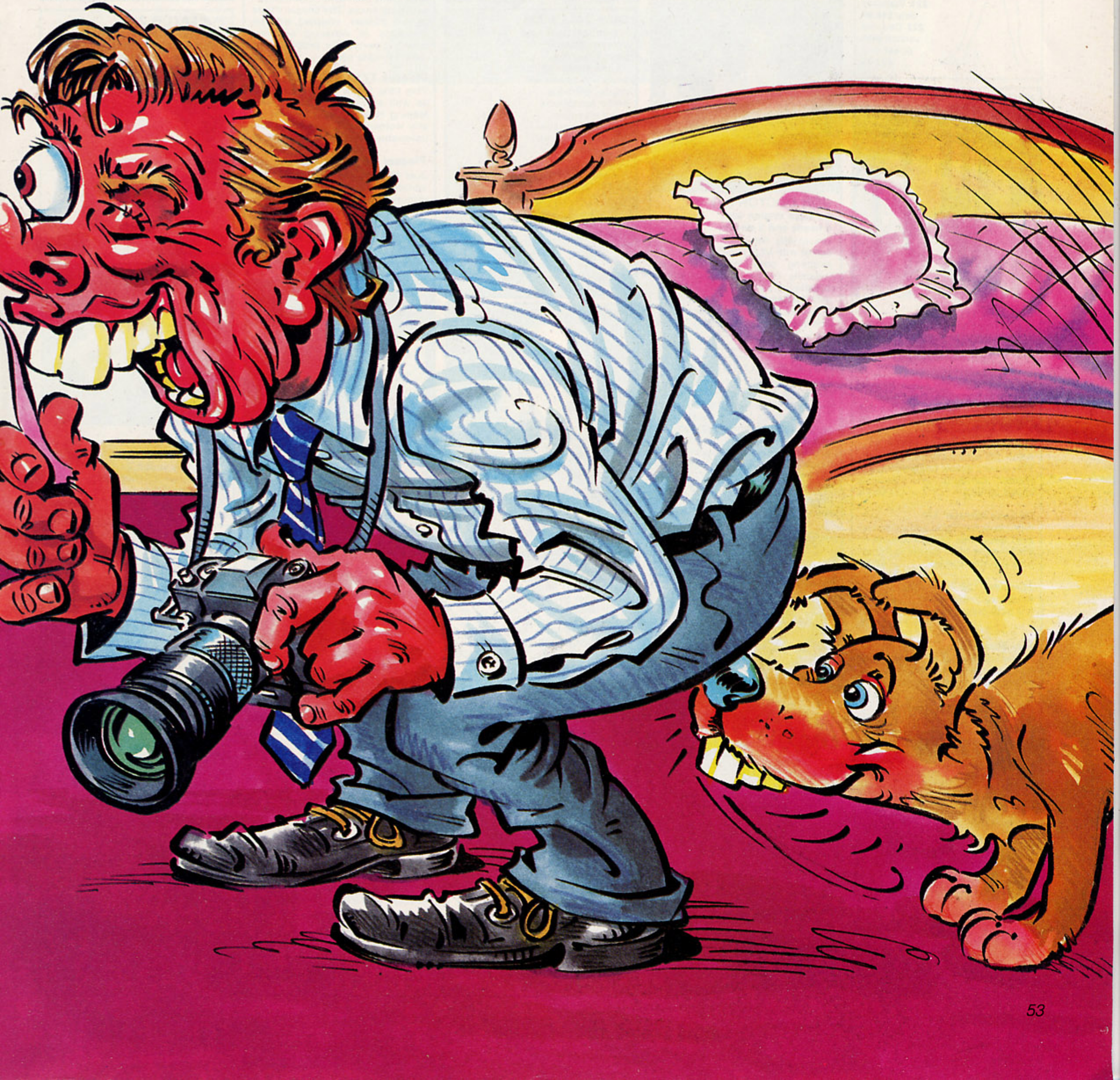
Racking his brains to the point of haemorrhage, Charles' snake-like eyes suddenly alight on his scantily-clad wife, then swivel furtively to the balding, bespectacled, concave-chested insurance man. A punter, if ever there was one . . .

'Darling,' say Charles, face lighting up like a fox who's just spied a trapped chicken. 'Why don't you take Mr, er –'

'Jones.'

'Mr Jones here, upstairs and show him your, er, *personal assets*. I'm sure he could be persuaded to change his mind were we to offer reimbursement in full.'

Henrietta and her devious spouse exchange winks furiously.



'Really, Mr Eaton-Squire, the decision to prosecute has already been taken by Head Office. Unless I can return with a cheque plus expenses, there's really nothing . . .'

'Quite so, Mr Smith, quite so. Now you pop upstairs for a couple of mins and Henrietta will show you what's on offer, won't you, dearest? *In the Au Pair's old room.*'

Happy Hours

Henrietta looks quizzically at her husband as she leads the insurance investigator upstairs. Quizzically, unaware as she is of the many happy hours her degenerate husband has spent glorying in Inga's Scandinavian charms, via a spy-hole in the left eye of the Athena Reproductions *Laughing Cavalier*. Charles kicks off his Bally brogues, counts to 20, grabs his Minox from behind a Staffordshire figurine on the bookcase, and scurries upstairs to the guest bedroom.

Mr Jones scans the sparsely-furnished room disdainfully.

'Really, Mrs Eaton-Squire, I can see little of value here. I really think it's time I reported back to . . .'

'Oh, drat! Cat hairs all over the Axminster again . . .'

Henrietta stoops to pluck an imaginary bristle from the shag-pile, her scanty slip riding up to within an inch of her world-renowned posterior. Not so much a subtle come-hither, more an open invitation.

'Why, Mr Jones! You've gawn all sort of . . . purply!'

Henrietta, the best-preserved 35-year-old in SW3, turns to face her inquisitor, shoulder straps slipping down around her elbows, her slightly pendulous, but nonetheless impressive 36-inch, stiff-nippled, ivory-white pleasure domes spilling forth.

Wide-eyed, spectacles slipping to the tip of his nose, the ferrety figure from EC4 recoils in horror.

'Render yourself decent, Mrs Eaton-Squire!' he splutters, fumbling behind his back for the door handle (locked). 'I'll have you know I'm a married man, and a staunch Anglican to boot!'

'Well now, isn't that a coincidence!' purrs our Sloaney slut, peeling her slip down around her hips and letting it fall to the floor. 'I'm a married woman!'

The faintly discernible sound of tearing fabric emanates from the vicinity of Mr Jones's crotch. In the adjoining room, Charles balances precariously atop a rickety stepladder and delicately unfurls the strip of wallpaper that conceals his crudely-gouged spyhole. Squinting, oblivious to the draught, he watches his wife's cavortings, mesmerized.

'Ye Gods!' he mutters. 'You'd think she does it for a living!'

Henrietta ploughs a furrow through her pubic bush with her wedding ring finger, coming to rest on her 'little pinkie'.

'Now tell me, Mr Jones,' she ventures, stroking herself wantonly. 'Is there absolutely *no* way we can repay Fire, Auto & Marine in kind?'

Henrietta advances on the hapless stooge, grinding her crotch into his, nibbling his greasy ear, deftly unzipping his trousers. But her complacent smirk turns to dismay when she finds herself confronted by the biggest appendage she has ever clapped eyes on in 15 years of concentrated infidelity. Gloating over her discomfort, Jones's attitude changes sharply.

'On your knees, Mrs Eaton-Squire!' he snaps, hands on hips, revelling in her subservience. 'Repent now! For are we not all sinners in the eyes of our Lord? Feast on God's bountiful harvest, my child!'

'Bugger! The things – gulp! – I have to do – ugh! – to get my husband off the hook!'

Five minutes later, Charles has enough lurid snaps to supply every postcard vendor in the Cairo bazaar. Jones departs at the wheel of Charles's XJS, the Van De Velde in the boot, and egg on his face. Henrietta staggers, cursing and spitting, into the bathroom with an urge to kill, a torn slip, and

something equally yukky on *her* face . . .

'Charles', says Henrietta contemplatively, sitting in a mound of bubbles and vigorously loofah-ing her cleavage. 'From what I can establish, you're still £5000 in front after all this tomfoolery, so what I'd like to know is – what's in it for me? I'm not in the business of prostituting myself just to get the likes of you out of trouble – and while we're on the subject, what on earth possessed you to burrow a peep-hole through to Inga's bedroom?'

'What's in it for you, Dearest?' says Charles, sitting on the loo, airily perusing the day's FT, secretly contemplating plugging the hair drier into the extension lead and tossing the whole caboodle into the suds. 'I suppose one could always open a charge account at Harrods.'

'Are we talking Food Halls or Designer Room?' enquires his attractive wife, suspiciously.

Trouserless

Charles eyes his other half's slippery, soapy tits. Feeling Old Nudger straining at the bit (memories of Henrietta's epic BJ still fresh in his mind), he slips sneakily out of his moleskins the second Henrietta disappears beneath the foam to rinse her hair. When she surfaces, she finds herself confronted by a second prick in 30 minutes; a self-satisfied, smarmy little prick 12 years her senior, sitting trouserless on the edge of the roll-top bath, an apology for a hard-on jutting gruesomely from beneath his beer belly.

'Why, Designer Room, of course!' says Charles unconvincingly, thrusting his gut and its unsightly cargo in the direction of Henrietta's visibly disgusted countenance.

'Oh, really? Frankly I find some of the things you put my way very hard to swallow.'

Thus it is, when the Eaton-Squires arrive at Grosvenor House for the Horse and Hound Ball, the evening does not find Henrietta in her customary highly-sexed frame of mind. Frosty isn't the word for it; her heart's not even skipping its usual beat when she detects the small, tight buttocks of Trigger Rogers disappearing in the direction of the Gents. Instead, she sits gloomily at the bar drinking Martini through a straw, contemplating the meaning of laif and why it is the biggest dicks hang on the ugliest men. Charles, meanwhile, makes a fool of himself on the dance floor, tangoing flatfootedly with Sophie Carter-Jones and her performing bosoms, watched by 20 male spectators in keen anticipation of a bid for freedom.

> *Halfway out of the water, he makes a grab for her blouse and her breasts flop free, dangling in the fresh spring breeze . . .*

Henrietta looks up from her Martini – and looks away again. The last person in the world she wants to see (otherwise known as Good Old Bunty Forshaw) is staggering, red-gilled as ever, in her direction. In a kilt.

'What-ho, old gel! Damn chappies at Claridges gave me the bum's rush – Highland Ball's tomorrow night! Well it's all balls to me, I must say! I'll have a large Cardhu and a pils chaser, M'Dear.'

'Bunty, I'm not in the mood . . .'

'Oh? Time of the month, is it! Waw-haw-haw! Pity – I thought you'd like to see what I've got under my –'

'Bunty!'

'Yes, well, cheers! Listen, mustn't keep you. Tell Charles I've spunked the proceeds of my Southend Stadium shares on a little gin palace. Thought I'd run you both up the swanee for a gander at the old Head Of The River. Cop a look at those musclebound young whoresmen, what? Pull, pull together – dirty little baskets! Oh there you are, Charles you old smoothie, waddle you have? Oh, in that case mine's a large . . .'

Shivering

Saturday morning finds Charles and Henrietta on the Mortlake Embankment, shivering with cold, scanning the icy reaches for Bunty's pride and joy.

'Oh God, how awful.'

'Shit, how does one live this down?'

With a blast from the foghorn, a lurid, purple and green fibreglass rivercraft, as tall as it is long, thunders up from Kew at all of 25 knots, almost capsizing smaller craft in its wake – with Bunty at the helm, togged-out like a Taiwanese tanker captain. Amidst the flotilla of sleek racing boats and elegant, clinker-built mahogany numbers with brass fittings and rowing club flags, Bunty's twin-Johnson powered cabin cruiser stands out like an advanced case of Herpes Simplex 10 in a knocking shop.

To black looks and cries of 'Grocklesl' 'Oicks!' and 'Damn noovos!', our cringing couple clamber aboard Bunty's boat, to be served kippers from Thermos flasks, tea made from Carnation milk, and Wood's Navy Rum. Come 10 o'clock, 400 rowing eights set off for Putney to tumultuous cheers – and Good Old Bunty Forshaw is pissed again. At which point he decides a better view of the proceedings is in order.

Lurches

For the first half-mile, the old reprobate steers a surprisingly straight course, in the lee of the *Daily Express* launch. But at Chiswick Reach, he completely fails to negotiate the PLA flotsam barge and Charles makes a grab for the wheel. The craft lurches sharp to starboard, missing the *Tatler* launch by a fraction of an inch – and ploughing into a hapless Dutch rowing eight amidships.

Their worst fears of the morning's excursion confirmed, Charles and Henrietta make for the deck and proceed to haul the shivering, cursing students aboard. All except one, that is – a handsome blond lad who declines the ignominy of Bunty's boathook and reaches out for Henrietta's hand instead. Halfway out of the water, he makes a grab for her blouse, and to cheers from the passing *Sun* launch, her breasts flop free, dangling in the fresh spring breeze like newly-netted bream, to a cacophony of clicking shutters, whirring motor drives and a shout of 'Move over, Sammy Fox!'

It is all too ghastly, too utterly-unspeakably-awful, for Henrietta to bear – the biggest social *faux pas* since being spotted by the GLE, Dempster, with her lips around a sausage roll in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. Taking a vicious pull at the Navy Rum, our SuperSloane holds back the tears, and surveys the plight of the wretched, bedraggled oarsmen. There's something about their misfortune, however, which arouses Henrietta's Florence Nightingale instinct. Or was it Catherine the Great of Russia?

'You boys had better slip out of those things or you'll catch a death of cold,' she says, matron-like, fetching towels from a locker. Then, after another swig of 100 per cent proof firewater . . .

'Gawd, but you're big, strapping lads! Come on now, off with those soggy jockstraps!'

Up on the bridge, Bunty snores loudly in the midday sun, while Charles steers an erratic course for Putney and the inevitable ticking-off. Down below, his wife does her level utmost to attend the many and varied needs of the young Dutch athletes.

'Come out, number 4, your time is up.'

I don't expect to find you still in your nightie when I get home!

JO

club Event

'There's only one thing better than sexy underwear,' reader Geoff of Warwick tells us, 'and that's to see naughty women in the process of taking it off.' One *Club Event* coming up.

Diane, Michelle, Vicky, Carol and Pauline – naughty women by anyone's reckoning – are all great fans of sexy undies, so the opportunity to get together and stage their own rude version of a lingerie party was one which they were all keen to seize. And that's not all they seized.

They were truly in their element. Low-flying knickers, bras and slips were much in evidence as our frolicsome fivesome seemed hell-bent on breaking the world record for sexy underwear-swapping (what's that, Mr McWhartler? You don't have a category for that in the Gormless Book of Records? In which case, it *must* be a world record).

When it reached the point where the girls had started to pull off *each other's* undies – about three minutes into the event – eager Club hangers-on asked if they needed a hand (or two), but that was really a bit like asking Stirling Moss if he needs driving lessons, so the offer was unpolitely refused.

We still haven't found out who nicked (or should it be 'knickered'?) the black panties at the end of the session, but a photographer's assistant is helping us with our inquiries . . .

Photographs by Dave Antony

READERS WRITES

continued from page 6

and grabbed my neighbour's tits, mashing them with his hands. She threw her head back as his face slid down her body, past her tits to the top of her trousers, which he proceeded to unzip with remarkable speed. I'm afraid at this point, despite all I've said about self-control, my right hand was working away furiously at my own cock.

I thought they were going to fuck standing up, but he'd decided against that, pulling her down on top of him so she was impaled on his cock. She went wild, throwing her head from side to side, feeling her own tits and rubbing the nipples as he thrust up towards her and, with his hands on her shoulders, pushing her down on his cock at the same time.

Much to my regret, I missed the conclusion of their revelries, as my own rapidly overtook me. Watching her writhing on his cock was just too much for me and, although I tried to stop myself, my right hand wouldn't obey. My first jet of spunk must have shot a good couple of yards and landed on the window pane. It poured out of me like I hadn't had a wank for days (which wasn't true; I'd wanked myself silly over her the night before).

Even more regrettable was the fact that this was my one and only glimpse of her being fucked. I'm still certain she (or he, for that matter) couldn't possibly have seen me, but whatever, one way or another she bought a pair of net curtains, and suddenly my life was back to being below average or thereabouts. Nothing, either before or since, has excited me as much as that incident. I keep hoping for a repeat wherever I go, but there isn't really much chance of that.

Dennis, Bromley

Me & Mrs Brown

Since I lost my wife some months ago, I have had some exciting incidents added to my previously unexciting routine. The latest is almost unbelievable, and it has made me see that some of your readers' more 'exceptional' accounts could be true!

I have a three-year-old daughter who is looked after (until I get home from my work as a self-employed accountant) by a middle-aged neighbour. On the other side of my house lives a younger lady with three children – two at nursery school and one at primary school.

Monday is a day I normally work at home, and always lie in until about midday. The neighbour with the three children, Mrs Brown, is reasonably attractive, but a little plump. I hadn't spoken to her since a cricket club function we both attended, where my wife and I had a difference of opinion: Mrs Brown was an excellent dancer, and she and I had some dances together while our respective spouses looked neglected.

Anyway, this Monday morning, my doorbell rang. I quickly put on my dressing gown, and went down to find Mrs Brown standing at the door.

She said she had been passing after taking the kids to school, and noticed my bedroom curtains were still drawn. She'd wondered if I was ill. She brushed past me uninvited, and seemed rather disappointed when I said I was all right.

I followed her to the kitchen, where she asked if I could make a drink. I got the sherry and poured it into two glasses, but she said she had meant a hot drink. She started to make some coffee, then we downed the sherry together.

She told me to go back to bed. After I had, she shouted upstairs, asking if she should bring a coffee up. I of course said yes, and some time later I heard her coming up. She had removed her coat and sat on the end of the bed in a pink dress, crossed her legs, and shook off her shoes on to the floor. I had switched on the bedside lamp, and, in the subdued glow, I couldn't help looking at her legs and wondering if she had stockings or tights on.

She noticed me staring at her legs, and asked if I thought they were nice. I told her she had the finest legs in town (which is what she wanted to hear). Then she stood up, put the cups on the table, turned her back to me, and began to take off what I now found out to be tights. My erection – which was fed by many, many months of celibacy – grew to a monster as she dropped her tights to the floor, followed by her dress.

She stepped out of the dress and looked directly at me. She asked if I had a girlfriend, to which I replied no. She then asked: 'No woman since your wife?' I found difficulty saying no, due to losing my voice in all the excitement. She smiled, and said: 'Shall I take them off?' I nodded, and raised the bedclothes in welcome as she drew off her panties.

She slid in and under me with the grace of experience, and gave a little giggle as she took my prick in her hand, saying: 'Take your time; you can wait a little longer until we take precautions.' I dismounted and told her I had never taken any precautions – this I left to my wife. She got out of bed at once, leaving me with the erection.

I pleaded with her not to go. She seemed to melt, and said she would get one from her house (I presume she meant a rubber), but I grabbed her and pulled her back into bed. I got her on her back and prised open her legs. We didn't say a word.

I entered her. As if by magic, she relaxed, clasped her legs around my buttocks and began an exciting French kiss. A very few frenzied thrusts in and out of her cunt had me gasping as I felt the first spurt of spunk jerk from my knob, followed by a succession of jerks and squirts inside her. I relaxed and stayed inside her, telling her how much I had admired and loved her and how she was saving my life, etc.

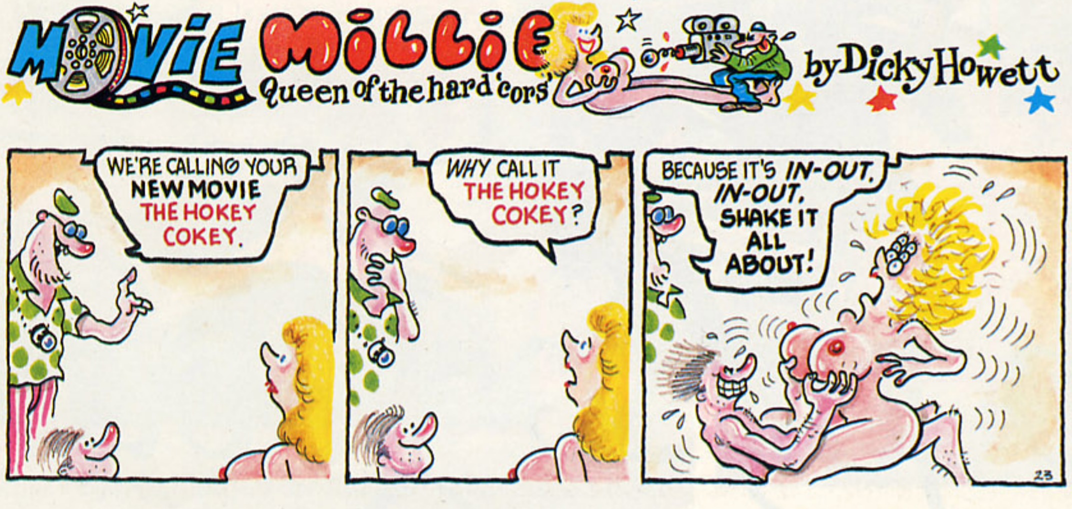
She lay still, and didn't seem to mind my prick staying in. I kept on pouring out words of love, saying it had been the best ever. She put her arms around me, and, as my prick had fully erected again, she began an up-and-down thrusting which I quickly joined in. This time, I felt her come just before me, and she gasped out 'love you' repeatedly as I worked away to unload my sperm.

We lay together for some time, and she told me it would take some time to make me fully satisfied. She embarked on a course of cock-sucking, the like of which I had never experienced before. I lost count of the number of times I 'shot off' inside her, but I was fully unloaded with interest before she left.

I still call her Mrs Brown and she still calls me Mr Smith – even in our most intimate moments. We think, that way, it will be less suspicious if we should be seen together.

There has been no further mention of 'precautions'. It does seem senseless to me, as she says she likes to feel the sperm going in. I suppose it could be considered unwise, but I do really need my Monday morning sex, and Mrs Brown can certainly look after two men excellently.

A Smith, Cheshire

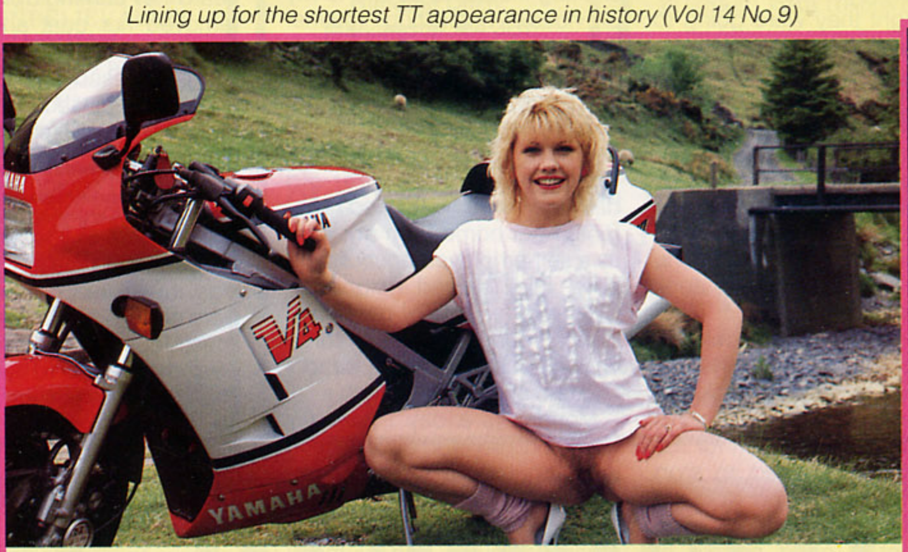

MOVIE MILLIE
Queen of the hard 'cors'
by Dicky Howett
WE'RE CALLING YOUR NEW MOVIE THE HOKEY COKEY.
WHY CALL IT THE HOKEY COKEY?
BECAUSE IT'S IN-OUT, IN-OUT, SHAKE IT ALL ABOUT!
23

club Biker

So far, so good!

Lining up for the shortest TT appearance in history (Vol 14 No 9)

Above: *Playing it cool on Honda's mighty Aspencade (Vol 15 No 3)*
Below: *Posing on a Puch (Vol 15 No 2)*



Above: *The Yamaha RD500 – a bike never to be forgotten (Vol 14 No 12)*
Below left: *Introducing one friend to another (Vol 14 No 10)*

Above: *Fast rider, fast bike – Steve Parrish and the Yamaha FZ750 (Vol 15 No 1).* Below: *Four! Look out for the Suzuki Quad (Vol 14 No 7)*

Dunno if you lot have noticed, but the good ol' British climate has been doing its level worst these last couple of months. Leastways, it has down my way. A hardened biker I might well be, but I've got a lot of modelling assignments coming up, and I'd rather keep my complexion away from all that the wind and rain throws at it – and, riding around London, that amounts to quite a lot. You should see what comes off when I take a cleanser and cotton wool to my boat race!

To be honest, I didn't really expect the Ed to agree to my suggestion that, instead of getting my leg over this month, I take stock of the tasty machines I *have* straddled so far, and get myself ready for the exciting new crop of 1986 bikes which arrive every spring. But he thought it was a great idea. 'You're not just a pretty face, are you?' he said. However, I knew it wouldn't be that easy. 'But we'll need some new pictures of you,' he added. With my brain still obviously in gear, I told him I'd just . . . well, just had a *trim*, and the readers might like to see the results. I hope you do.

Flashback to sunnier days with the Suzuki GSX750 (Vol 14 No 11)

I was still feeling smug with myself, wondering where my next great idea was coming from, when the Ed said: 'Well, don't just stand there, then – get on with it!'

And there is a lot to be getting on with: you can't say you haven't had variety in *Club Biker* since I took over the reins (or should that be handlebars?) back in Vol 14 No 7.

If you remember, I got thrown in right at the deep end when I was packed off to a moto cross circuit to try my hand on two balloon-tyred ATVs (All-Terrain Vehicles); a four-wheeled Suzuki Quad, which Club International was the first British magazine to feature – and a Kawasaki 250 three-wheeler. They both proved to be great fun once I'd got the hang of them, the Kawasaki proving to be only slightly less weird!

Only thing is – I got well and truly plastered that day (with mud, that is) and it took me ages to get the bloody stuff out of all my nooks and crannies. Mind you, I'm not complaining too much: I got someone else to do the 'dirty' work, and it was rather nice . . .

In fact, I've lots of rather nice memories about my *Club Biker* assignments, but I suppose the highlight has to be lining up at the start of an Isle of Man TT race. I can't tell you how nerve-racking it is to inch forward towards the starter and his flag: even though it only took a few minutes, it seemed like hours before my turn came around. Unfortunately, my race record is now recorded in the TT archives as follows: 'D Beaven (11, Yamaha) retired at Grandstand, lap one (broken knicker elastic).'

Well, I suppose it makes a change from a bent conrod (painful) or seized pistons (excruciating).

I still get goosepimples on the back of my neck when I think about the bike I took with me to the TT, the Yamaha RD500 LC. This fire-breathing V4 two-stroke pumped me so full of adrenalin, I was beginning to suspect someone had injected me in my sleep. I'll never forget the crisp, piercing wail from the exhausts as the RD hit its powerband on the rush from Creg-ny-Baa down to Brandish – just about the fastest section of the TT circuit.

But let's not get too romantic. The real drawback with a bike like this is the grave danger to your driving licence: it just encourages you to go so bloody *fast* most – if not all – of the time, it's bound to serve as a magnet to the hordes of camouflaged traffic cops earning their 'honest' crust by scuttling around the countryside in their unmarked cars as if they were on some nationwide anti-terrorist exercise. I *know* they should be out catching real criminals, but that's just the way it is.

Bikers on the mainland rarely get off with a warning, as I did on the Isle of Man when I didn't slow down quickly enough for a village. So by all means buy an RD500 (or a rival Suzuki RG500 – test coming soon); I can guarantee a good time. But just don't say I didn't warn you!

The weather at last year's TT was gorgeous (and here's hoping for more of the same this year), but even that was beaten into second place by the climate at *Club Biker's* most exotic location so far – Cap d'Agde in the south of France.

Nudist Resort

That was where I headed last summer with by far the least amount of luggage I've ever taken on any of my travels. The reason for that is simple: Cap d'Agde just happens to be a huge nudist resort, and I just happen to love going around naked. Female naturists aren't really supposed to go around gawping at all the tasty, tanned cocks on offer, but I just happen to like doing that, too . . .

The setting may have been exotic, but the same could hardly be said of my borrowed bike, which was a scruffy Puch 50cc kiddies' scrambler. Plenty good enough for buzzing around on, though, and I certainly wouldn't want to ride naked on anything faster. But don't go thinking the south of France is full of macho bikers with chilly willies; biking naked outside the nudist area means a night in the cells!

Speaking of which, that's what nearly happened to GP road racer Steve Parrish, since I spent a day with him playing racers at Donington Park circuit.

Steve was one of a handful of British riders who made the long trip to the Far East for the Macau Grand Prix. Always one for the practical (and even the impractical) joke, Steve went out on the town with five other Brits, a plot already carefully hatched.

When the time was ripe, one of the British racers lobbed a lighted firework into a massage parlour, before making a break for it with the rest of the gang. Steve Parrish was at the wheel of the getaway hired van. Unfortunately, an eagle-eyed, slant-eyed local clocked the van's number, and the cops traced it to the Brits' hotel.

The police were waiting for Steve and his mates when they came down to the hotel lobby to catch the hydrofoil across the water to Hong Kong on the first leg of the trip home. The others were nicked, but Steve 'SAS' Parrish escaped to the second floor, legged it down the fire escape and smuggled himself over to Hong Kong. Safe!

Locked Up

No chance. The Macau bobbies coolly 'phoned Steve in Hong Kong and told him, unless he came back, the others would be locked up and the key thrown away. Back he went, only to be photographed, fingerprinted and have his passport confiscated. Three days later, they were on their way home, £400 worse off.

'I'd love to go back again,' says Steve, who finished fifth when he managed to fit in a bit of racing in between bombing massage parlours, 'if they'll have me.'

I'll tell you what *I* wouldn't mind having again, and that's the Honda 1200 Aspencade, Japan's most expensive motor cycle. I said at the time of the test it was worth every penny of its six-and-a-half grand, and I still haven't changed my mind in the cold (very cold!) light of day. A top quality hi-fi system an on-board air compressor and suspension adjuster, mountains of luggage space, the best fairing in motor cycling and a magic carpet ride for rider and passenger are its main virtues. Absolute luxury. Don't let it fall over, though, unless there's a mobile crane handy.

All-rounder

When I donned my boater and headed for sunny Cambridge on the Suzuki GSX750 EF, I described it as a great all-rounder; and when you compare it to the RD500 or the Aspencade, you'll see what I mean. The Suzuki will zoom around the TT course without any hassle, and will take you on a Land's End to John O'Groats run in reasonable comfort and economy – you can't do *both* of these with the RD or the Aspencade, although each is damned good at *one*. Still with me? Anyway, the point is, being realistic, the Suzuki would probably fit most bikers' requirements better than either of the two exotic machines. It's cheaper, too, coming in at less than two-and-a-half grand.

To complete the picture – and just to show you the sheer variety of bikes available these days – may I present the Yamaha 600 Ténéré, a big, single-cylinder trail bike with a 6.6-gallon petrol tank and a heart of gold. It set the trend for others to follow, because there are quite a few 1986 bikes which owe their existence to the desert-racer styling of the Ténéré.

Memory

My overriding memory of the big Yamaha is how it coped with a 700-mile round trip one weekend without a flicker of complaint, and without turning me into a complete physical wreck (my *non*-motor cycling activities that weekend wrecked me a bit, but that's another story . . .).

I said in my test of the Yamaha that it would benefit from an electric start, and – lo and behold – the latest Ténéré has just that. Nice to know the powers-that-be take note of what they read in *Club Biker!*

For them, and for you, boys, there's a mouth-watering selection of bikes coming up in the months ahead; so make sure you're back next issue for another good ride, eh? *Dawn Beaven*

Thanks, as always, to Rivetts of London, 234/6/8 High Road, Leytonstone, London E11 for providing most of Dawn's riding gear seen in the pictures.

Miranda

Photographs by Scarlet O'Hara

WOMEN'S *Writes*

Club's women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

It doesn't take Claire long to tune in to the fact that she and the TV repairman are on the same channel . . .

He would try and fix the telly so it would go wrong again . . .

One morning, I was having a lie-in – I'd got a few days off work – and I was having the most fantastic sexy dream (I get them quite a lot and never tell my husband, because he'd say I was a dirty bitch. In any case, I don't have naughty dreams about him . . .).

There I was, lying on a sandy beach beneath swaying palm trees, being fucked rigid by Bruce Springsteen and sucking off Simon Le Bon when my orgasmic paradise was rudely shattered by the doorbell ringing. At first, I decided to ignore it, but when it rang more insistently, I put my dressing gown on and went down, still feeling flushed and trembling from my dream. After all, I had nearly come.

A young man of about 23 was standing on the doorstep clutching a heavy toolbox. 'TV repairs,' he said, and then I remembered John, my husband, saying he was going to call someone to fix the telly. Why had he fixed it for this morning, though? It was typical of him to spoil my fun, I thought crossly.

The problem with the telly never showed itself till the set had been on for about 20 minutes and had warmed up. I told the man this, and asked if he would like a cup of coffee while he waited. He agreed. He was very tasty, I decided. In fact, with a slight stretch of the imagination, he had similarities to both Simon Le Bon *and* Bruce Springsteen. He definitely had Springsteen's sexy mouth and well-made legs and bum. I felt a little tingle as I looked at him in his leather jacket and clean white shirt and close-fitting denims.

Reluctantly, I tore myself away from my contemplations of his sexy mouth and slightly bulging jeans – he looked like one of those men who, even when unerect, was always quite big – and went into the kitchen to put the kettle on. I was leaning with my elbows on the work surface, dreaming, when suddenly two arms stole softly round my hips and a warm body pressed up against my bottom and back and gave me a hug.

I stiffened in shock. It *couldn't* be the repairman, surely? He would have had to get inside my dream to know what I wanted. Was he telepathic?

'Sorry, that was bold of me. You just looked so sexy standing there,' he apologized, with a winning smile.

My voice was husky with desire as I replied: 'That's okay.'

My hand was shaking as I mashed the teabags – he must have noticed. I laid the teaspoon down and sighed. It was no good. I felt so randy. I was never going to get this tea made!

'Don't you want any help?' my visitor asked politely.

I shook my head, aware of the hectic flush in my cheeks that must be giving away my secret feelings. 'Would you mind just going into the lounge and seeing if the TV is misbehaving yet?' I ordered. I had to get myself together somehow, and I wouldn't do it with him standing there looking so desirable.

He went, and I went back to organizing the teapot. I was just laying some biscuits out on a plate when suddenly those arms were around me again. A head was nestled against my shoulders and warm lips were gently nuzzling my hair and the back of my neck. I let out a groan. His lips found the one spot on my neck which really turns me on, and I shuddered from head to foot, feeling my nipples spring out, hard and erect, and strain against my silky robe.

Powerless

'You're naked beneath that robe, aren't you?' he asked. I didn't need to answer. By now, I was powerless in his hands. He could do anything to me – anything he liked. He slowly caressed my back, downwards, over my bottom, then slid two fingers slowly along the crack of my bum, still on the outside of my robe, until he was touching the area of my cunt and my mound. He began rubbing me through the thin, silky material, and it was almost more delicious than having my naked body rubbed. I quite often masturbate through my clothes, as I find it gives me a tremendous turn-on.

I could feel myself expanding and juicing up and heard him exclaim in satisfaction as he felt my wetness seeping through my robe. There must have been quite a damp patch. He moved his hands then, and replaced them with something else – his cock. He had undone his fly behind my back and now there was this warm, fleshy length stroking at me and straining to get at me through a barrier of silk.

His hands reached round me now, opened the front of my robe and released my breasts, which were swollen up and tingling. Gently, then harder, he massaged the distended areolae and frotted my nipples, faster and faster, at the same time rubbing his cock in a similar rhythm along the silken-lined valley of my bum-slit and cunny. He was almost fucking me, almost pushing the bunched material of my robe up my hole in his eagerness to get in. Yet he was teasing me, too – and teasing himself. I could tell he was really getting off on the feel of my robe against his massive erection, which seemed to be growing all the time.

My hands were gripping the worktop in spasms. I was coming, my clit pounding like a heartbeat, my cunt opening and closing spasmodically, trying ineffectually to grip at his member and force it in. His glans pushed at my entrance and his hands squeezed my breasts hard. I came, throwing back my head as the inner spasms overtook me. While I was still spasming, he suddenly wrenched up my robe and attacked me from the rear, pinioning my cunt with his huge tool – which I hadn't even seen, as all this activity had been taking place behind my back, but which felt gigantic.

I was so wet, he slipped right down my well first time, with a loud, sloppy sucking sound. I put my head down and bent right over and he gripped my tits and fucked me hard, like an animal, pounding in and out, stabbing my quim in a furious rhythm, faster and faster, while his fingers pulled at my extended nipples as if milking them.

I could feel another orgasm building up. I was right on the brink. And then . . . aah! His whole body tensed and bunched and quivered, then he gave a shout and rammed right up to my womb and I could feel his huge dick throbbing hard inside me as he squirted all his pent-up come into me and sent me off into a writhing, screaming climax.

After I'd finished shuddering, I pulled away from him, turned round, dropped to my knees and took his still rigid tool, which *was* absolutely huge, very gently into my mouth and sucked and licked every droplet of his delicious sperm off it, revelling in the musky taste and scent of my own fanny juice on his cock and balls. As I knelt, I could feel his semen leaking out of my still gaping cunt and trickling down my legs. He must have shot gallons. When I stood up, there was a little white puddle on the lino.

Afterwards, we smiled at each other and sipped sex-flavoured tea – then he said he would try and fix the telly so that it would go wrong again in about a week's time!

Claire, Stevenage

Seven randy male friends give Helen the birthday present she's always wanted – and it's a bit of a treat for them, too . . .

I am blonde, five foot seven, with a 34-22-34 figure. My name is Helen.

The week before my 23rd birthday, David, my husband (name changed) told me he was going to take me out for a meal at one of the big restaurants on the Saturday night. And when the day arrived, I was rather excited at the prospect of going out, as the last time we had a date together was all of six months previously. I had a long, relaxing bath, then dressed in my favourite clothes – a nice blue gown with matching briefs, bra, stockings, suspenders and a new pair of shoes I had bought specially for the occasion.

While David was driving me to the restaurant, he told me that when we got back, he would have a wonderful surprise waiting for me; something I had always wanted. This made me even more excited. While we were having the meal, I kept on pestering David to tell me what the surprise was. But all he said was: 'You'll have to wait.' The meal couldn't go quick enough for me, and straight afterwards we went home.

Back home, I went into the lounge and switched the lights on . . . and got the shock of my life. Seven of our friends jumped up from behind the sofa and shouted: 'Surprise!' I couldn't believe my eyes. There was Dick, Henry, Howard, George, Tim, Graham and Chris (all names changed). The odd thing was that they didn't have their wives with them.

David locked the door behind him and said: 'This is a present from me to you, darling. These friends here are going to give you what you have always wanted.' I then understood what was about to happen: I was to be the centre of attention in a mass sex session. I had no intentions of backing out; I had often wondered what it would be like, and now I was about to find out for myself.

Cold Tingle

David took off my coat, and this served as a signal for the others to undress hurriedly. He then unzipped my gown, and I stepped out of it to a chorus of wolf whistles. This made a cold tingle shoot through my spine and I slowly, deliberately unclipped my bra to make these men want me. I tossed the bra to one side and my aroused nipples sprang free. Then, in a provocative manner, I sat on the carpet, slipped my briefs off and threw them where my bra landed.

As I was beginning to unfasten my stockings, they told me not to – so I left them on, together with my suspenders and shoes.

Dick was the first to come forward. He kneeled before me, opened my legs wide and started licking my clitoris. I suddenly became deliciously wet, and I shuddered to my first orgasm. Then George came over and started sucking my tits and exploring my mouth with his tongue. With this treatment, I soon had another orgasm.

The two men then swapped places. Dick's knees were on either side of my neck, giving me a view of the purple-veined underside of his eight-inch cock. His hairy balls scratched my chin. I grabbed hold of his cock and began to suck on it. George, meanwhile, was parting the lips of my cunt with his eager fingers, and pushed his throbbing cock to the full depth of my hole. Gradually he began to speed up his thrusts and yet another orgasm raced through me. I automatically clamped my legs around his back and squeezed my vaginal muscles around his shaft to make him come. And that's just what he did. He shot his load at the same time as Dick, and I swallowed every last drop of his warm, sweet spunk.

When the two men left, I tried to get up, but Chris got in the way and forced his several inches into my mouth. I managed to kneel without loss of prick, and accidentally pressed my nose into his pubic hair. Just as I was about to get comfortable, Henry positioned himself behind me and entered me in one thrust. I began to swear (which isn't easy with a cock in your mouth), and groaned with both shock and delight as he began to ride me with my bum in the air.

I felt like a whore: it was fantastic. My tongue and saliva swirled around Chris's bone-hard shaft as I licked it. When he came, he held me in both hands and pushed my head right down on to his thick cock. He came in several large spurts, all of which I drank greedily. Henry was not long behind him in emptying into me.

When these two took their leave, Howard came over and

I started to tremble with excitement as I waited fearfully . . .

WOMEN'S Writes

turned me on to my back. I had a quick glance at his tool and nearly fainted: it must have come straight out of the *Guinness Book of Records*, for it was an immense ten inches from tip to base. He lifted my feet high over my head and circled my wet pussy with his monster cock.

I started to tremble with excitement as I waited fearfully. 'Tell me if this hurts, Helen,' was all he said. Then he managed to get the tip inside, and I moved to meet him while he struggled to force more of it up me. I could feel his balls pressed ever so tightly against my skin and knew that all his massive cock must be inside me.

Exquisite

He then began to fuck me, and I was bucking and writhing beneath him. His thrusts started to build up and up – it fair took my breath away. This lasted for more than 15 minutes, and I was utterly exhausted by this time. Howard, though, was still going strong. Now I know what his wife has to go through nearly every night; it was exquisite torture. He grunted as he started jerking and expelling semen into my body. I was glad I took the Pill that morning, I can tell you.

And as if that wasn't enough, he pulled his still-hard monster out of me, replete with both our juices, and stuck it in my mouth. I'm used to this, as David always does it after we've had a fuck. I slurped and licked his cock till it was squeaky clean.

I was still as weak as a kitten when Graham kneeled between my spread legs and rammed his cock home – all eight inches of it. While he was inside me, he gave me a fantastic shafting. It took some time till we both orgasmed. I tightened my pussy walls around his thick length as he lunged at my minge for the final time. He gave an almighty grunt as he exploded his lovely jism deep inside me, and it was absolute heaven.

Next in line was Tim. As he made his way over to me, I took off my shoes and told him: 'I wouldn't mind having it another way.' I got him to lie on his back and I straddled him, slowly lowering my pussy down on to his thick, stubby cock. Once his cock was embedded in me, I rested my hands on his stomach and pushed myself up and down on his length.

Tim began to thrust back up and massage my tits, paying special attention to my hard nipples. They felt as though they were alight as he rolled them between finger and thumb. I was soon carried away by another orgasm and started grinding into Tim's pelvis, my pussy walls clinging on to his wonderful, veiny root. Then he twitched and ejaculated into me.

I was delirious with pleasure as I was lifted off Tim. I heard David say: 'Come along, darling, our friends are going – only Dick, Chris and Howard can stay. 'Howard!' I thought to myself. 'Oh no!'

They carried me upstairs and laid me on all fours on the bed. Chris lowered himself in front of me and said: 'While I'm letting you have my cock to eat, Dick is going to fuck from the rear till our cocks meet. And you're going to love every minute of it, aren't you?' Before I could say yes, Chris invited his cock into my mouth.

Dick patted and stroked my arse – which was in the air – then roughly opened my cunt lips, which made me gasp. He entered me from behind with so much force and vigour, I lurched forward and Chris went right down my throat. I nearly gagged on his length.

Dick felt like a red-hot poker; nothing like what I had had in my mouth earlier. I think he was trying to get his hairy ball sack up me, too.

It began to turn out just as Chris had said: it felt as though they would meet halfway inside me at the rate they were going. Dick began to pull at my suspenders so he could feel around my waist and legs, and fingered the sensitive area at the front of my cunt. Droplets of sweat sprayed over my back as Chris played with my hanging tits. I was beginning to feel like a wanton bitch on heat as I ventured my tongue around Chris's veined shaft, making saliva swirl in my mouth.

Chris pumped his spunk down my throat, and, seconds later, Dick's floodgates opened. He shot what seemed like gallons of sperm in my cunt as he drowned my cervix. Dick pulled his prick out of me with a 'plop', then made me lie down and take it in the mouth. I sucked on it.

Then they fell exhausted as Howard lay beside me. I crawled as best I could to the other side of the bed and took his giant rod into my mouth. It wouldn't all fit because he was too big, so I dragged my lips up and down as much of it as I could take. I licked him like he was a lollipop, rolling my tongue over his enormous glans and sliding it down to his broad base and balls. Once I started to suck them, he stopped me and said: 'No, don't do that; I want to come in your cunt.'

'All right,' I answered. 'How do you want me?' He gestured for me to lie on my back. As I got into this position, he wasted no time in drawing my legs over his shoulders and ramming his whole thick length up me in just one stroke. My breath was instantly taken from me.

'Please! Oooh!' I whimpered beneath him. 'Please don't stop!'

'I've no intention of stopping, Helen,' he said above me. I thought Howard might split me as he pounded his ten inches of cock down my tiny hole. With each one of his deep, penetrating thrusts, I pushed to meet him.

Climaxed

He pulled his length all the way out of me to the tip of his knob, then all the way back in till our pubic curls mingled. I don't know about Howard, but this was sending me over the top and I screamed as I climaxed. Not much later, Howard couldn't hang back any longer and ploughed his full length into me. His spunk joined that of the others, which was already splattered against my cunt walls.

We soon fell asleep, but I didn't get much of it that night. I kept being awoken by one of them with his rampant tool between my legs, drilling it up my poor, tired cunt. But by morning, they had gone. David brought me in some breakfast.

Afterwards, I noticed I still had my stockings and suspenders on. The stockings were ruined and I had to put some clean ones on. But I had the puffiest cunt I had ever seen, so I kept David away from my sore pussy for a few days. I thanked him for the wonderful present he had planned for me, and asked him if I could have it again. He said: 'I'll think about it.'

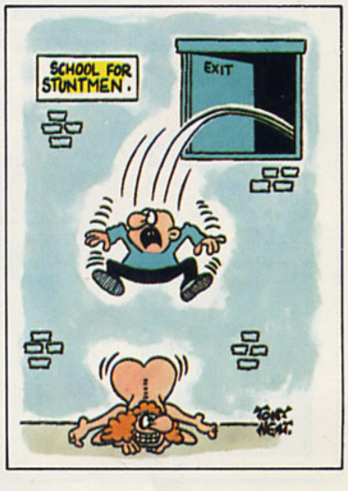
I live in hope.

Helen, East Midlands

Joan sets out to give her new horse some jumping experience, but it's not her trusty steed she ends up riding . . .

This may sound like fantasy rather then reality, but I assure you it is a true experience which I had earlier this year, when I started taking my recently acquired horse, Redstart, round the county shows. My intention was to give him some jumping experience, but I never guessed I'd be getting some myself, too.

My husband, Al, has always objected to my love of horses and we had a series of enormous rows about my buggering off with the trailer and spending



WOMEN'S Writes

I just knew my bum would be very sore on the saddle the next day . . .

nights away from home. Consequently, neither of us had been fucking much, and I, never mind Redstart, was feeling frisky.

I drove off to my first show, parked amongst all the other horseboxes and trailers, made my horse comfortable and then went in search of food and drink for myself. I asked someone who was keeping an eye on a neighbouring horsebox to watch mine, too, and followed directions to a nearby pub. In the bar was a collection of riders, some of whom I recognized, most of them men. In no time, I was having drinks bought me and was revelling in the attention I was getting as a solo female.

I knew I couldn't afford to get too drunk as I would only mess up the competition the following day – but, on the other hand, a bit of sex couldn't hurt me. I eyed the talent lined up at the bar and my eye feasted on a tall, blond guy with good broad shoulders and muscley legs – and, I felt sure, a hefty, hard cock between them.

I quivered and felt my cunt twitch with need as I gazed at his well-shaped bottom and imagined running my hands down it. He turned round then and caught me at it and I blushed, knowing he'd caught my lascivious expression. I decided I'd better be heading back to Redstart, and set off up the lane, but the honking of a car horn caught my attention; it was the fair-haired guy holding open the passenger door invitingly and offering me a lift back.

As I settled next to him, his strong male smell hit my nostrils and made my nipples tingle with desire. I could have jumped on him right there and then. He soon moved one hand off the steering wheel and on to my knee as we talked about horses but thought about something entirely different. His fingers reached for the zip of my jeans and pulled it down. Encouraged, I moved my hand, too, first to his thigh, then beyond it, feeling for his balls and the shape of his long prick inside his stretch riding breeches.

Squealed

Suddenly, the brakes were slammed on and the car rocked to a halt – and my breasts were enveloped in two huge hands before I had time to think.

'You little bitch tease,' he growled. I squealed as he climbed out of the driving seat, came round, opened the passenger door and dragged me out on to the ground. We were in a dark lane with a high bank on either side. He threw me face-down on to the bank, pulled down my jeans and my panties and all at once I felt a tremendous tingling sensation on my buttocks: he was stroking me with a riding crop!

He turned me round to face him – and I gasped to see the hard, rigid length straining against his breeches. Seeing me looking, he undid his waistband, pulled down his breeches and let his pale, gleaming cock spring out. It looked magnificent, almost as long as a stallion's and sticking out of a luxuriant bush of dark pubic hair.

'Suck,' he commanded me and grasped my shoulders, pulling me forward until my face was touching it. He was circumcized, and the end of his shiny knob was wet with juice. I put out my tongue and licked it off.

'I said suck,' he ordered, and pushed my head down on to him so that I was forced to take his whole length into my mouth. I gagged and choked as it forced its way to the back of my throat. He began pumping into me, in and out, using my mouth as a substitute cunt – although my own cunt was aching to be used. I put down my hand to feel myself, but he saw, and slapped it away. 'Naughty girl,' he admonished me.

Just as my jaw felt like breaking, he eased himself out. 'Now I'm going to get fucked at last,' I thought eagerly; but no. He grabbed my arm instead and hauled me back into the car and started to drive, with his breeches round his thighs and his cock rubbing against the steering wheel.

When he turned into the field where all the horses and trailers were, I tried to cover myself up, as my bottom was bare against the seat. But I had no time. He slowed to a halt and pulled me out and, trousers at half-mast, bottoms naked in the moonlight, he half-staggered with me to his horsebox, where he had a section with a bed made up.

He took off his breeches and my jeans. There was no finesse, no kissing or caressing, just a hard, no-nonsense fuck. He drove his cock in and out of me like a battering ram and my muscles clenched and released on his veined root, squeezing as my need for orgasmic release built up. The feeling of my buttocks rubbing against his rough blanket added intensity to my lust, and I tossed my head wildly from side to side, feeling the shuddering begin deep inside me.

He half picked me up, thrusting me further down on to his cock, and I bent forward and fastened my sharp teeth into his shoulder. He let out a hoarse cry and started to fuck me so fast, I couldn't keep up. I just lay there as he pounded into me.

Warm Squirts

I felt him thrust and jerk, and then the warm squirts inside me as his hot spunk came flooding out – and this gave me the release I needed. Crushing down with my clit on to his coarse pubes and gripping his cock like a vice with my vaginal muscles, I shook and writhed as wave after wave of pleasure rippled up from my groin. I thought my orgasm was never going to stop – and when it finally did, I felt panting and faint.

He didn't give me a chance to recover. He didn't even say thanks. He just told me I had to go, as we both needed sleep before the competition.

'I'm bloody well going to beat you now,' I threatened. He smiled.

As I stumbled out of his horsebox, I noticed that several others were rocking rhythmically, keeping their equine occupants awake. I cursed my recent lover, whose name I didn't know, as I just knew my bum would be very sore on the saddle the next day. But the message from my cunt was: 'By jove, I needed that!'

Joan, Hereford

club Chance would be a fine thing!

Photographs by Dave Antony

If Emmie was of a different sex, she would probably be known as 'a bit of a lad'. This Brighton belle is definitely a girl who believes what they say on the cat food adverts: life is for laughing.

'It doesn't take much to get me started,' says 22-year-old Emmie, munching into her candy floss on Brighton Pier, 'and when I *do* get going, that's me; I could laugh for hours.'

This is understandable. Anyone who drives an ageing, battered automatic Mini that would be lucky to get a bit part in a movie about a scrapyard *must* have a sense of humour. As, indeed, must someone whose work as a stripper takes her all over the country to do her stuff at drunken stag nights.

'The secret at these affairs is to get one of the blokes to do the performing for you,' says Emmie, 'although I always try to pick one who looks less pissed than the rest. That way, he's more likely to have a willy that looks interested when I pull his pants off.'

For a girl so used to being put on the spot, it was hardly surprising she was completely relaxed before her *Club Chance* set, and as bubbly as she ever was. 'Hurry up and take your picture, will you? It's bloody freezing!' she laughed, posing for a topless shot on the nudist beach.

Then, fully dressed again, she turned the giant telescope in the direction of the same beach, looking out for – as she put it – 'a few big beefcakes'. No luck, though. 'Well, let's hope me and the girls have a bit more luck when we go up town tonight.'

Yes, Emmie certainly brought a smile to everyone's face. Especially after we'd seen the studio pictures!

Candy Floss

ONE PENN
TWO
Lovel

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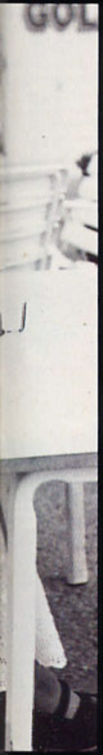
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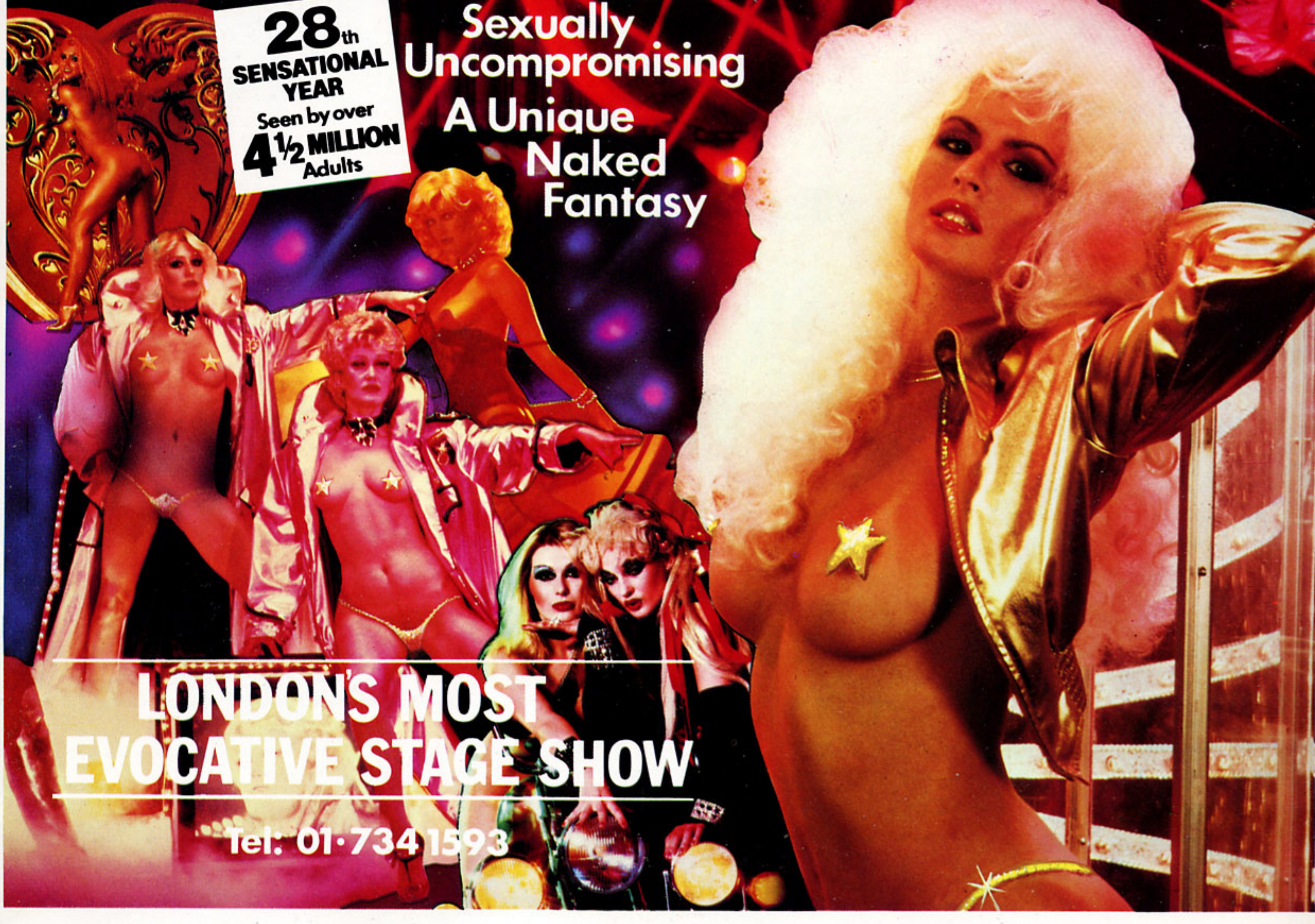

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